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Selections.

DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—SYMPATHY WITH FRANCE.

On the 10th, a motion was made in the United States House of Representatives to take up the following resolutions received from the Senate:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That, in the name and behalf of the American people, the congratulations of Congress are hereby tendered to the people of France, upon the success of their recent efforts to consolidate the principles of liberty in a Republican form of Government.

Sec. 2. And be it further resolved, That the President of the United States be, and he is hereby requested to transmit this resolution to the American Minister at Paris, with instructions to present it to the French Government.

On these resolutions a debate ensued, which we copy from the New York Herald:

Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, after a few preliminary remarks, said that he thought legislative action upon the subject was premature. No man could feel greater joy at the hope of a consolidated Republic in France; no man's voice would mingle more in the great shout of human freedom in this country; and when that nation shall have achieved its rights, he would be among the foremost to express his congratulations. His only objection was that France has not yet achieved her Republicanism. Where is her Constitution? Where is her charter of liberty? It was presented by a soldier on the point of his bayonet, in the Chamber of Deputies, who said, "Here is the charter of the French liberties." It is a bayonet Government; not a Republican Government. Several highly respectable gentlemen are in power; but where is the charter by which they are governed? The papers tell us that their own discretion is the limit of power; but the same power that put them in may put them out. France is quiet; she is, however, no less a despotism. Therefore, to say that she has consolidated and achieved her republicanism is to pronounce what we all know to be untrue. Yesterday, Sunday, the 9th of April, the election was to have taken place in France. If it has passed through in quiet, and if the nine hundred gentlemen assemble and form a Constitution, then it will be time enough to express our congratulations. I must confess that, as an individual, I have no great hopes. I now see at the head of the Provisional Government, individuals of the highest character, talents, and wisdom; but there are elements at work which they cannot resist; and I look forward with apprehension that the movement thus far, being so wonderful, will prove to be a terrible event. While we, as one people, and with one voice, are hailing with glad shouts the new Republic in Europe, we, as a Republic, within the past year, with an army, have been treading out of existence a sister Republic on this continent? I fear that this is a more professing than practical Republic. As to the resolution immediately before us I shall vote for it, without offering an amendment which I proposed to the resolutions of the gentleman from Ohio, because I desire to have it known that we vote for the resolution, not only cheerfully, but unanimously. The amendment which I offered a week ago, stated, as one cause of rejoicing, that the French Government in its incipient stage, had proceeded to the emancipation of slaves in its colonies, and that we recognize as a Republican principle, that neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude should exist, except for crime. This brought down upon me the condemnation of several gentlemen, especially that of the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Bayly). That gentleman's voice was better suited to a plantation than to the halls of Congress. I offered the amendment because I claim now, as I do at all times, that it was legitimately within our power to discuss the topic. One of the resolutions of the gentleman from Ohio, (Mr. Cummins,) expressed "the sincere hope that down-trodden humanity would succeed in breaking all forms of tyranny." What is that but the hope of abolishing Slavery? Did not the gentleman from Virginia say that there are three hundred thousand slaves in the French colonies? "Down-trodden humanity." I ask him to listen to Mr. Lamartine. [Mr. Ashmun read from a book recently published, at the 312th page, in which Lamartine speaks of the slaves being bought and sold, and maimed, as though they were cattle, and treated like brutes, not having the privilege of holding property or enjoying marriage.] That is the condition of Slavery in the West Indies. I do not say that it is the condition of Slavery in Virginia. Then why was not my amendment germain, and why did it not express more fully the idea than the resolution of the gentleman from Ohio? Lamartine, in his recent address, spoke of the Government being temporarily organized for the purpose of putting a stop to civil war; and in the next place he says, "all who have the form of man should have the title of citizen." When Lamartine makes that a fundamental principle, why may we not join in the same expression? The editor of the *Union* was disgusted with the conduct of the House of Representatives, and the gentleman from Virginia was disgusted with my conduct in offering the amendment. I have no doubt of it. I should have expected the denunciations of the one and the abuse of the other. It is in exact accordance with the conduct of the Senate of their own State, who refused to pass the resolutions relative to the death of Mr. Adams, because he was seated here as the champion of freedom. But I must be silent! I must not speak without subjecting myself to the censure of the gentleman and the abuse of the executive organ; and that, too, at the very time when we are offering sympathy for France! Why, was it not for this—the putting a padlock on the mouths of the people—that the French remonstrated and overthrew their King? I can assure gentlemen that they much mistake that portion of the Union I in part represent.—But I do no more than our Minister at the Court of St. James has done before. In 1834, Mr. Bancroft was proposed as a member of Congress from the district I represent, and he put forth a declaration of principles, in which he said:—"If further reforms are expected, they are to come from the people.—Free labour will demand the abolition of Slavery; capitalists will be the last to consent to it." I claim the right to do what Mr. Bancroft is now doing in his official capacity. I claim a right to do it, because Slavery has, from the commencement of the Government till now, been subject to Federal action. The gentleman from Virginia says that it is a libel, an insult, to declare that the achievement of the inalienable rights of man is a Republican principle! But in 1776 Thomas Jefferson, Carter Braxton, and others, of Virginia, signed the Declaration of Independence. The gentleman from Tennessee, (Mr. Haskell,) said that God created the black for the white man. Are men born free and equal? If not, then Thomas Jefferson uttered a libel. Mr. Ashmun spoke further on this subject, and referred to the Ordinance of 1787, prohibiting Slavery in the Northwestern territory. Was Congress, he asked, guilty of a libel in doing this? In the conclusion of his remarks, of which the above is only a glance, he essayed to correct the historical allusions of Mr. Bayly, saying that he desired to have the truth understood with regard to the insurrection in St. Domingo.

Mr. Bayly did not think with Mr. Ashmun, that it was premature to express our sympathy for France. He ardently hoped that France may establish, on a firm basis, republican liberty, and for that reason he would cheer her on in her efforts. Was it premature in France to sympathize with us in the early struggles of our revolution? And as to Mexico, which the gentleman said we were blotting out of existence, what have we done to show that we have set the iron heel of war upon her? Is Mexico less likely to be Republican at the close of the war? (which the gentleman and his friends have protracted.) Does he not know that the Republican toad may yet have a jewel in its head? The rights of man will come to be respected in that country to an extent never before known. As to Lamartine's views on Slavery in the West Indies as read from the book by the gentleman, Mr. Bayly attached just as much consequence to it as he did to the views of Mr. Ashmun and his friends on the subject of Slavery in this country. Presumption never supplies the place of wisdom. It was not for him to defend the Senate of Virginia. They would have passed the resolution in relation to the death of Mr. Adams, but they were unwilling to act hypocritically, and approve the conduct of a gentleman whose political conduct never met the approbation of Virginia. The friends of Mr. Adams were the sole authors of the rejection of that resolution. They wished to effect a party purpose on that solemn occasion. The Senate of Virginia had too much self-respect to unite in such an unhallowed purpose. Mr. Bayly then alluded to the Declaration of Independence, and gave his views of what the signers meant when they said that "all men are born equal." The signers from Virginia were large slaveholders, and they never could have meant that their slaves should enjoy the same rights as themselves. One half of the voters of Virginia did not own a foot of soil.

Mr. Ashmun—I ask, if a man owns soil in two different counties, can he not vote in both?

Mr. Bayly—Yes. The privilege is not as near to universal suffrage as I would wish, but it is nearly as close to universal suffrage as where any restriction exists. I undertake to say that neither in New York or in New Hampshire do negroes stand on the same footing with white voters. There is no discrimination. They do not enjoy all the rights of the free white man.

Mr. Tuck—In New Hampshire free negroes do vote. There are among them many intelligent and respectable men. (Ha! ha!) There is no more restriction on the free negroes than on the white people.

Mr. Bayly—How many sit on juries? How many practice at the bar? How many hold seats in the Legislature? How many sit on the benches of the Courts of Justice? Not one, I undertake to say.

Mr. Tuck—Will the gentleman permit me—

Mr. Bayly—A black cannot marry a white man or white woman. [Laughter.] On a late occasion the negroes were denied the right of suffrage in Connecticut. Look to New York and Pennsylvania; they are not permitted to go as white men go; and yet tell me that we ought to emancipate our negroes! Go home and emancipate your own free negroes. Take the beam from your own eye, before you undertake to remove the mote from ours. Mr. Bayly replied to that portion of Mr. Ashmun's remarks which related to the history of the insurrection in St. Domingo, and said that it was produced by the efforts of the Abolitionists in London.—Emancipation can never take place where there is a preponderance of blacks, without the destruction of the whites. They can never live in the same community as equals; they have never yet done so.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, asked leave to offer an amendment to the first resolution under consideration, by submitting for it the following, viz:

Resolved, &c. That the efforts of France to establish civil liberty on the basis of a Republican form of Government, demand our admiration, and receive the warmest sympathies of the American people.

The demand for the previous question was seconded; and the amendment was rejected—yeas 85, nays 96.

The Speaker stated the question to be on the third reading of the resolution as it came from the Senate; and it was subsequently passed—yeas 174, nays 2. [Messrs. Cranston, of Rhode Island, and Root, of Ohio.]

On the following day the debate was continued on the motion of Mr. PALFREY, of Massachusetts, to reconsider the vote on the Resolutions from the Senate.

The *Speaker*—Did the gentleman vote in the affirmative?

Mr. Palfrey—I did. I move the reconsideration of the resolution, for the purpose of offering an amendment. The Government overthrown was said to have been a throne surrounded by the popular institutions of a Republic. There were two hundred thousand voting citizens, who wielded the elective power of that Government, and affected thirty-five millions of men. They wielded it, like other oligarchists and monarchists in other days, through republican channels, yet, by arbitrary power, and threats, and intimidation. But my object in rising is to make a remark or two, called forth by the observations of the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Bayly.) I did not hear him distinctly, yesterday, though I sat by him; and as his speech does not appear in the morning papers, I do not design to follow him at every step. He, however, adverted to certain laws of Massachusetts. I am far from saying that Massachusetts approaches to a perfect Commonwealth; I am far from saying that the practice of Massachusetts conforms to her theories. Massachusetts grows wiser day by day, thank God. Virginia is too old to grow wiser. The gentleman adverted to the marriage law of Massachusetts. Well, she thought that if there were no legal obstacles, coloured people should be honestly born, (laughter,) and, accordingly, she provided for this state of things three or four years ago. If I know the laws, there is no disqualification of colour on juries; a coloured man in as liable as a white man to serve.

Mr. Bayly—There are instances where universal social feeling repeals laws of a State.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi—Is the resolution in the House?

The *Speaker*—The Chair has not inquired. The rule which gives the privilege to a member to move a reconsideration, is not superseded by a bill having been sent out of the House. This point has been decided very frequently.

Mr. Palfrey—This reminds me, Mr. Speaker, of the time when you and I were at school. We had to hold up our hands and say to the teacher, "May I speak?" The gentleman from Virginia says that this is the case where public sentiment overrides the law. I never sat upon a jury. The selectmen of the towns in Massachusetts place in a box the names of citizens who may, and they draw the names from the box. Therefore, whether coloured men may serve on a jury, I suppose depends upon the selectmen of the three hundred and ten towns.

Mr. Bayly—It would seem, then, that in public offices they may be deprived of their rights.

The *Speaker* (there being much confusion) requested gentlemen to preserve order.

Mr. Palfrey—The gentleman asked, yesterday, whether coloured men were heard of on the bench or at a Justices' Court. I know this much. In my capacity, as Secretary, I sent, with the broad seal of the Commonwealth, a commission as a lawyer, to a respectable coloured man, nearly as black as my coat. If the gentleman goes to Massachusetts, which I hope he will, and if he gets into trouble—which I hope he will not—he would be as likely to get justice meted out to him by the coloured gentleman as by any other lawyer bearing the commission of the old Bay State. The gentleman said something about the Legislature. I was there in 1842 and 1843. In one of those years, it was said in the House, and I suppose it was true, (I never saw the election certificate,) that a coloured man was chosen for the Legislature. I suppose the statement to be accurate. ["Where was he from?"] From Townsend, my friend informs me. [Mr. BAYLY—Did he take his seat?] He did not; but if he had, he would have been treated with respect and courtesy, and he might have been appointed Chairman of the Latimer Committee, whose labours resulted in the passage of a law forbidding any one from assisting in the arrest of fugitive negroes. I dare say he felt modest.—(Laughter.) Would not the gentleman feel modest in taking his seat where all the rest were of a different colour, or complexion? (Ha, ha, ha.) One other particular as to the social relation of the case. The coloured people of Massachusetts associate with our children at the public schools, which make the great glory of the Commonwealth, and give her the high standing for morals which she has. After the remarks which I made on a former occasion were published, I received a letter from the town of New Bedford, written by a gentleman with whom I am not acquainted; but, on making inquiry of my friend from that district, he told me that he is a wealthy philanthropist, and a man of education.—The gentleman gives many facts, which may be of interest to the gentleman from Virginia, and to others. "There are, in New Bedford," he says, "about twelve or thirteen hundred coloured persons, and of that number three or four hundred are emancipated slaves. They are beginning to improve themselves in education. Last year the highest scholar in the high school was a coloured girl, whose composition would have done no discredit to a graduate of Harvard. Two coloured boys, as black as possible, stand at the head of the class of mathematics. One coloured girl, two years since, who lived in my family, and attended my children, has since established an infant school for coloured children. One coloured man here is worth twenty thousand dollars; he has visited France and England, and talks French, is a good Latin scholar, is somewhat of a poet, and is of good moral character. There are others who are worth from two to ten thousand dollars." There was a charming boy—I shrink not from making the avowal—who had, in an extraordinary degree, intellectual and moral worth: he was a charming boy, whose teacher says that he was the best scholar he ever saw in his life. He was a youth of amiable manners, much of a gentleman, correct in his deportment, and respected among his white associates.—He was fit for the oldest university in the country. But God took him away. If he had lived until this time, he would compare favorably with the best scholars of the age. I can say, that if my son had not treated him with every demonstration of respect and good will, I would not feel for him the solicitude I now do. In conclusion, Mr. Palfrey alluded to the refusal of the Senate of Virginia, to pass resolutions of respect to Mr. Adams, and expressed the opinion that she will grow up to a better state of opinion, and fully appreciate the character of the illustrious deceased.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee—I want to ask a question. ("Louder.") I want to ask this question, (elevating his voice.) Would the gentleman be willing that the "coloured man" should marry his own daughter, as he was willing that he should be the companion of his son?

Mr. Palfrey—There are various considerations which would determine my conduct in the affairs of social life. The gentleman can estimate them as I do. I said, in the commencement of my remarks, that the professions of a community did not come up to its theory; and I reply to the gentleman, that I would not introduce any one into my family who would be disagreeable to them or to my friends. I was going on to say, when I was interrupted, that I desire the resolution to be re-considered, for the purpose of adopting the amendment the gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Stephens) offered yesterday.

Mr. Kaufman moved to lay the resolution to reconsider, on the table, but he withdrew the motion at the request of

Mr. Bayly, of Virginia, who said, among other things, that it was due to himself that he should make a remark or two. The gentleman, he observed, undertook to tell the House that I had fallen into an error with regard to Massachusetts. In my remarks of yesterday, in relation to free negroes, I excepted Massachusetts, and the reason was obvious: I know but little of the legislation in that State, and I had it not distinctly in my mind. Hence, I could not speak with any degree of certainty. The gentleman's explanation has pointed out one distinct, important error in the assertions I made. The gentleman says that the Legislature passed a law making it penal for any one to assist in the re-capture of fugitive slaves. I recollect that law distinctly, and yesterday I designed to refer to it; but it escaped me. I advert to this now, so that I may supply the omission in my printed remarks, should I think it necessary to report them. The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Ashmun) said that he and his State were willing to abide by the Constitution as it is. What does the Constitution assert? "No person held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due." The most distinguished jurist of Massachusetts (Judge Story,) has expressly stated that this clause contemplates a summary proceeding, not according to the rules of common law, but the person is to be delivered up on the claim of the party. So the Supreme Court of the United States has decided. Congress, in 1792, passed a law to carry out this provision of the Constitution. One of its provisions makes it the duty of the State magistrates, on the application of the master of the slave, to assist in his surrender.

Mr. Ashmun—I should like you to point to it.

Mr. Bayly—You bring me the law. The Constitution is the supreme law of the land. In the case of Prigg against the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, the Supreme Court decided that the law was in accordance with the Constitution; and notwithstanding all this, Massachusetts had undertaken to pass a law which set at naught the provisions of the Constitution! She did more. She has extended to slaves the right of trial by jury. She has enabled her black citizens to sit on juries. Her Legislature has passed a law referring the question to a jury, which may be composed exclusively of negroes. It is perfectly idle to tell me that, with such a law on the statue book, the provisions of the Constitution—which made it indispensable for the Southern States to ratify the Constitution—it is idle to tell me that Massachusetts has not nullified the provisions of the Constitution. With what propriety, then, can the gentleman maintain his position?

Mr. Giddings—I understand the gentleman to say the law of '92 made it the duty of the States to assist in the arrest of slaves. I call on him to show it from the law.

Mr. Bayly—It is impossible for me to stop now to examine the provisions of that law. If I could have anticipated the request, I would have prepared myself.

Mr. McLane—The same point has before been made here. In the case of "Prigg vs. the State of Pennsylvania," the Court decided that the State Courts shall not interfere to prevent the arrest of fugitives. The use of jails was refused, because it was argued that to grant the use of them, would be to help to recover fugitive slaves. The law of Massachusetts was brought to my notice. And they thus expected to avoid the decision of "Prigg vs. Pennsylvania." The law of '92 does execute itself.

Mr. Giddings—This is an important point. We have bound ourselves not to interfere. We let the master come and take his slave, if he can.—The law of '92 merely carries this out.

Mr. Bayly—Thought that he was not mistaken. He had now the law before him, and it makes it the duty of the State officers to assist in the apprehension and delivery to the master or agent of the fugitive slave. [He read the third section] As anxious as he was to go into Massachusetts, the act of that State would make him an exile as long as he lived.—He referred to the free States which had refused free negroes a lodgment on their soil, and asked the House to look to Ohio, which had more Abolitionists than any other State. There the mob drove off the negroes freed by John Randolph, although they had purchased soil. A former representative (Mr. Brinkerhoff) from Ohio, who was active in the abolition movement, was not willing that free negroes should go there, because he feared they would contaminate society. He also spoke of Illinois, and of New York, &c.

Mr. Giddings—The driving off of the negroes was the act of a mob in the district represented by my colleague over the way. But this shall not be applied to Ohio in the capacity of a State, or of individuals in the aggregate.

Mr. Bayly—I will take the responsibility.

Mr. Giddings—I am aware of that. I rose to throw the responsibility from the state and the people. If the gentleman from Virginia says that it was a mob, my heart responds. It was one with which the people had no sympathy; it was a mob on which the seal of condemnation has been placed.—We hold it was a violation of humanity. It was inhuman and unjust.

Mr. Bayly—I am sorry that the debate is prolonged. I stated when I arose, that I would not occupy five minutes; and would not, had I not been interrupted.

Mr. Ficklin—The gentleman from Virginia said something about Illinois having taken measures to exclude free negroes from her soil. I ask him whether he meant to say that this was proper or improper?

Mr. Bayly—I have no doubt of the constitutional power of States to pass such laws. If they deem them wise I am the last man to express any difference of opinion. My own impression is, if I lived in a free State I would be opposed to free negroes coming into it. I am opposed to them being in Virginia.

Mr. Ficklin—I beg leave to say that for a number of years the Legislature of Illinois has looked to the exclusion of free negroes. An amendment of the Constitution absolutely excludes them. It was submitted to the people, and adopted by an overwhelming majority.

A *Voice*—At least ten thousand.

Mr. Bayly—It is proper I should say I believe all, or nearly all, the delegation from Illinois are acting towards the South in good faith, in a spirit different from the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Giddings) and others. Ohio requires security from the free negroes and throws in their way embarrassments which it is almost impossible to overcome. I have been in Ohio. I was there in 1845. I found a large colony of emancipated slaves from North Carolina colonized on one of my surveys. Because I was a slaveholder they thought they could thus escape oppression. They would not go on the land of a non-slaveholder to settle. I conversed with one of them. He told me that his condition as a free man was worse than when he was a slave.—"Then," said he, "nobody undertook to encroach on my rights; but here every petty fellow seeks to oppress me." When I sold my land I sold it with the encumbrances. This same man came to me and wanted me to insert stipulations in the deed.—He said, "if you don't, they will make me pay rents, and take my crops." He ceased to be a slave in North Carolina, but became a slave to the community in which he lived. I was told that free negroes in Ohio would not go into the gentleman's district. They hang to the districts peopled by slaveholders. They say "the people of Kentucky and Virginia understand us." You can't get them to go to the Western Reserve, because they are there trampled on and oppressed, and cheated, as the gentleman from Tennessee, suggests. How many are in Ross county? Perhaps seventeen hundred. How many are in the Western Reserve? They have an instinct which points out those who protect their rights. The gentleman from Massachusetts undertook to say that I do not represent the intelligent portion of my district and State. I should like to know how he found out their opinions. In saying this, he assumes an arrogant tone of superiority.—I appeal to every Representative from Virginia. If any one can say I do not reflect the opinion and feeling of my State, I demand that he get up. (A pause.) Is there not one Representative from Virginia, Whig or Democrat, who will back the assumption of the gentleman? That there may be no mistake, I call again. If any one approve of the sentiment of the gentleman, let him rise.

Mr. Atkinson—I have heard the remarks of my colleague. It appears that the Representative of the first Congressional district in Virginia, knows the opinions of the people. I say, unhesitatingly, that the sentiments which he has expressed, accord with the views of the people I represent. I believe that he has spoken the opinions of the people of Virginia, Whigs and Democrats. I say more. So well are we satisfied with the condition of Slavery where I live, that even the negroes themselves would rise up against the Abolitionists and oppose the doctrines I have heard advanced on this floor. [Ha! ha! ha!]

Mr. Bayly—This is the opinion of every Representative from Virginia, openly or privately entertained. I will conclude by saying that, instead of the gentleman from Massachusetts attacking Mr. Ritchie, yesterday, who has no opportunity of replying here, it would be as well for him to have vented his choler on me, as I have the privilege to respond.

Mr. Kaufman moved that the motion to reconsider the vote by which the resolution congratulatory of France, was passed, be laid upon the table. ("Oh, no.")

Mr. Ashmun had risen, and wished to reply to Mr. Bayly.

Mr. Kaufman—You can interrupt me, and go on.

The *Speaker*—Does the gentleman from Texas give way? ("Yes, give way, let him go on.")

Mr. McLane—The gentleman from Texas moved that the proposition be laid upon the table. The gentleman gives way to the gentleman from Massachusetts, on the condition of a mere interruption.—Now, the point is, whether he has not lost the floor, and cannot obtain any promise at all.

Mr. Kaufman—Do I understand that I have the floor?

The *Speaker*—By strict right, the gentleman from Massachusetts has the floor, but by courtesy, you have.

Mr. Kaufman—Then the gentleman from Massachusetts may interrupt me.

Mr. McLane—I have another point of order.

The *Speaker*—The gentleman from Massachusetts can proceed.

Mr. Sawyer—And I have a question of order. (Ha! ha!) It appears that gentlemen are discussing abolition. I ask the Chair to decide whether that is in order or not.

The *Speaker*—The question is too late, or it is too early.

Mr. Sawyer—Ah! how 's that?

The *Speaker*—It is too late with respect to those who have spoken, and too early with respect to the gentleman from Massachusetts. [Laughter and a cry of "good."] The debate has taken a wide range, and the Chair does not feel at liberty to restrict or interrupt it.

Mr. Ashmun—After the efforts to silence me, I express my thanks to the gentleman from Texas, who, by his uniform courtesy has enabled me to occupy the floor.

Mr. McLane—You will excuse me.

Mr. Ashmun—Oh, yes. ["Excuse us all."] Notwithstanding the superciliousness, haughtiness, and discourtesy of the gentleman from Virginia towards me and others, his conduct leaves on my mind——

Mr. McLane—It is with extreme regret that I interfere. I think proper to interfere now. I am thoroughly convinced that a great breach of order has been committed, under the courtesy of the gentleman from Texas, by the gentleman from Massachusetts. I am satisfied that the gentleman from Massachusetts has a right to reply, but I think that he is introducing elements——

The *Speaker*—I would call the attention of the gentleman from Maryland to the fact that he has not stated his point of order. [Laughter.]

Mr. McLane—The point of order is, that the gentleman from Massachusetts is going into the general debate. He does not rise to the question before the House.

The *Speaker*—The Chair did not understand the gentleman from Texas to yield the floor for a personal explanation. The Chair understood him to yield it altogether.

Mr. McLane—I was under an apprehension that he did.

Mr. Ashmun—The gentleman from Virginia indulged in terms unsuited to this hall. Who brought the feeling here? Who commenced this personal matter? Did not the gentleman yesterday rise in his place and hurl denunciations, which I said were more fitted for the plantation than for the House.—And now the gentleman, in an audacious manner, says that I passed by him and assailed Mr. Ritchie! There is nothing in the gentleman to make me fear to encounter him—to avoid him. I shall not shrink from any one. When I coupled him with Mr. Ritchie, I did so because they are from the same State. It seems that both were animated by the same spirit that induced the Senate of Virginia to refuse to pass the resolution of respect to the memory of Mr Adams.

Mr. Bayly—I shall, if I have the courtesy of the House, after the gentleman has done, reply. I ask whether I am the man who threw the first stone? The gentleman is mistaken. I did not say that he avoided me. I said that he might have confined himself to me, as I have the privilege to reply, and not heaped his denunciations on a man who had not.

Mr. Ashmun—I will take this language; but it is different from the testimony of those around me. Mr. Ritchie, I believe, is here now. He writes abusive articles in this Hall, more powerful than anything said by his friend.

Mr. Bayly—I remind the gentleman, as Mr. Ritchie has no seat here, he will confine himself to me.

Mr. Ashmun—It is not for the gentleman to dictate to me. When I saw a similarity of opinion in the executive organ and in the gentleman's remarks, I included him and the editor in the same category. I find no fault in the commendation which the gentleman bestowed upon Mr. Ritchie, and in the commendation which Mr. Ritchie bestowed on the distinguished orator from Virginia. [Laughter.] I will not disturb, in the slightest degree, the reciprocity existing between them. [Ha! ha!] The gentleman says that I spoke after the preparation of a week. He knows that I struggled for the floor, and did not get it until nearly night-fall. It was in pursuance of the request of one-half of the members of the House that I yielded it for an adjournment.—He knows that from that time up to yesterday, I had no opportunity to reply. The official organ announced that the gentleman from Virginia used me up. But, he came here again, notwithstanding, and, like Falstaff, with little magnanimity, kills a fallen foe, thrice slain! (Laughter.) Is that Virginia chivalry, of which he professes to be the exponent? If he is, I trust there is not another one in his State. Mr. A. then branched off on the subject of the law of 1792, with regard to fugitive negroes, and refuted the position assumed by Mr. Bayly. He yielded the floor to enable Mr. Giddings to make a little speech on the subject.

At this point the wind without was blowing a hurricane. One of the tents of Van Amburgh's managerie was keeled over, and the windows of the Hall were closed to keep the dust from coming in. The jets on the chandelier, hanging from the dome, jingled merrily; and there seemed to be a tempest above, below, and all around. Amid all this, the speaking went on, and points of order were raised and disposed of.

Mr. Hall, of Missouri, made a motion, but withdrew it for

Mr Bayly—My own character makes it necessary that I should answer. The gentleman says that I introduced this subject. I did not open my lips until the gentleman introduced his amendment, (to the French resolutions on Monday week, asserting opposition to Slavery as a Republican doctrine,) and until the gentleman from Ohio, (Mr. Giddings,) with the bitterness peculiar to himself, had spoken.

Mr. Ashmun—I did not charge the gentleman with introducing the subject of abolition. I charged him with introducing personal denunciations.

Mr. Bayly—The gentleman is equally in error, as the House will hear testimony. The gentleman from Ohio, before I had spoken, made a vindictive speech against the institutions of the South. The amendment was an offence to the South.

Mr. Giddings—I never introduced it.

Mr. Bayly—The gentleman from Massachusetts was guilty of personality. He charged upon us, living in the slave States, a violation of cardinal republican principles. He spoke of my manner as haughty, supercilious, and discourteous. My manners were learned in a different school from that where the gentleman was taught. Whenever I want to improve them, I will go to a better model than he is. When I want to listen to a lecturer, I will not select him as my Chesterfield. My manner is such as becomes a Virginia gentleman, as I am.—[Laughter.] The gentleman charges me with discourtesy. Now, I appeal to the House whether I did not yield the floor to several gentlemen. I appeal to the gentleman from Ohio, (Mr. Giddings,) whose course is so constantly offensive to Southern men, whom he charges with being thieves; yet, with his habitual conduct here, I ask him, whether I have not treated him with courtesy, and yielded the floor for explanation? if not, let him say so. I have tried to give to every man what he deserves. ["Boy, bring me a glass of water."] I appeal to the whole House, and ask all whether they have experienced discourtesy at my hands. If so, then I bow to the charge of the gentleman from Massachusetts. The charge is stamped with disapprobation. There let it rest. [A voice, "*Requiescat in pace.*"] The gentleman, in his anxiety to place me in a false position, stated that I lauded Mr. Ritchie, and he me. Nobody heard from my lips a solitary expression of approbation or applause of Mr. Ritchie. Can any member say he did? [A pause.] Then what becomes of the charge? It is also stamped with the unanimous disapproval of the House. This is the strain of remarks in which the gentleman thought fit to indulge. The gentleman said that I had charged him with taking a week to concoct a reply. Did the gentleman suppose that I had so poor an appreciation of his character as not to know that he could have made an immediate reply? I know abuse is low and easy, and never supposed that the gentleman could not readily resort to it. [Mr. Bayly replied to other points and in conclusion said:] As to superciliousness of manner, and haughtiness, I do not take occasion to bandy epithets. He has assumed that the attack was commenced by me.—I have no disposition to be personal towards the gentleman. In the little intercourse I have had with him, my conduct has, I trust, been that of a gentleman; and I undertake to say that I did not apply to him a solitary remark which any one from my State and from the South thought unduly severe; none which any would disapprove.

Mr. Pendleton, of Virginia—I do not mean to interfere in the dispute between my colleague and my personal friend; but I do not choose to be made to endorse the conduct of either. I did not hear the debate. Possibly I may be held responsible for an endorsement of what my colleague has said, and I do not exactly endorse in the dark in that way by remaining silent.

Mr. Bayly—Then it was unnecessary to take the floor.

Mr. Pendleton—It was unnecessary to call on me.

Mr. Bayly—You might have said merely, that you did not hear my remarks. I stepped forward for the South. I know my other colleagues, and even Whigs from the other States congratulated me on what I uttered, else I should not have appealed to my colleague, as I have done. I know the feeling of Virginia as well as any other gentleman on the floor. I undertake to say, that she will respond.—Whether what I have declared meets the approbation of my colleague, is a matter of great indifference to me.

Mr. Pendleton—I have no intention to enter into this debate; and when I rose, I presume every gentleman understood the precise object I had in view. I took some pains to let my colleague understand that I meant nothing disrespectful or unkind to him. It seems that, with the good temper that characterizes him, he received my remark with great indifference. I am not aware that anything I said invited such an expression. My colleague persists in the manifestation of this temper, and it is equally indifferent to me. I was not here when his speech was commenced, but I heard a portion of it only when I entered the Hall. I understood that he spoke of Virginia in connection with the resolution with reference to Mr. Adams. As to the general sentiments, I concurred entirely with him, I owe it to myself, (I do not know, from the temper manifested, that I owe it to him,) to make this declaration. If my colleague said, or meant to say, that the people of Virginia approve or vindicate, in any way, the course of the Senate on that resolution of honour proposed to Mr. Adams, he does not know their sentiments.

Mr. Bayly—If my colleague had heard my remarks with reference to the conduct of the Senate of Virginia, he would be better able to comment on them. I expressly stated that it was no part of my duty to the Senate. They were able to do that themselves.

Mr. *Pendleton*—If my colleague had chosen to listen to me, there would have been no necessity of an apparent manifestation of temper. It was because I did not hear what he said that I did not approve, not only the substance of his remarks, but the temper with which he delivered them yesterday. I repeat, I take no part against my colleague, nor against my friend from Massachusetts.

Mr. *Kaufman*—I move that the whole question of re-consideration be laid upon the table.

On this question the yeas and nays were ordered, and it was decided in the affirmative—124 to 44.

From the Liberator.

SKETCH OF THE SPEECH OF MR. PARKER.

At the Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in Boston.

Mr. CHAIRMAN—The gentleman before me has made an allusion to Rome. Let me, also, turn to that same city. Underneath the Rome of the Emperors there was another Rome; not seen by the sun—known only to a few men. Above, in the sunlight, stood Rome of the Cæsars, with her Markets and her Armies, her Theatres, her Temples and her Palaces, glorious and of marble. A million men went through her brazen gates. The imperial city—she stood there—beautiful and admired—the queen of nations. But underneath all that, in caverns of the earth, in the tombs of dead men, in quarries whence the upper city had been slowly hewn, there was another population—another Rome with other thoughts. Yea, this devout body of men, who swore not by the public altars, men whose prayers were forbidden, their worship disallowed, their ideas prohibited, their very lives illegal. Time passed on; and gradually Rome of the Pagans disappeared, and Rome of the Christians sat there in her place, on the seven hills, and stretched out her sceptre over the nations.

So underneath the Laws and the institutions of each modern nation—underneath the Monarchy and the Republic—there is another and unseen State, with sentiments not yet become popular, and with ideas not confirmed into actions—ideas scarcely legal, certainly not "respectable." Slowly from its depths comes up this ideal State, the State of the Future; and slowly to the eternal deep sinks down the actual State, the State of the Present. But sometimes an earthquake of the nations degrades of a sudden the actual, and speedily starts up the ideal Kingdom of the Future. Such a thing has just come to pass. In France, within five and forty days, a new State has risen from underneath the old. Men whose words were suppressed, and their ideas reckoned illegal but two months ago, now hold the sceptre of five and thirty millions of grateful citizens—hold it in clean and powerful hands. A great revolution has taken place—one which will produce effects which we cannot foresee. It is itself the greatest Act of this century. God only knows what it will lead to. We are here to express the sympathy of Republicans for a new Republic. We are here to rejoice over the rising hopes of a new State, not to exult over the fallen fortunes of the Bourbons. Louis Philippe has done much which we may thank him for. He has kept mainly at peace the fiercest nation of the world; has kept the peace of Europe for 17 years. Let us thank him for that. He has consolidated the French nation, helped to give them a new unity of thought, and unity of action, which they never had before. Perhaps he did not *intend* all this. Since he has brought it about, let us thank him for that. But most of all, I would thank this "citizen king" for another thing. His greatest lesson is his last. He has shown that five and thirty millions of men, in this nineteenth century, are only to be ruled by JUSTICE and the ETERNAL LAW OF RIGHT. We have seen this crafty King, often wise, and always cunning, driven from his throne. He was the richest man in Europe, and the embodiment of the idea of modern wealth. He had an army the best disciplined, probably, in the world—and, as he thought, completely in his power. He had a *Chamber of Peers* of his own appointment, and a *Chamber of Deputies* almost of his own election. He ruled a nation that contained 300 000 office-holders, appointed by himself—and only 240,000 voters! Who sat so safe as the citizen King on his "throne surrounded by republican institutions"! So confident was he, as the journals tell, that he bade a friend stop a day or two, "and see how I will put down the people"!! For once, this shrewd calculator reckoned without his host.

Well, we have seen this man, this citizen-monarch—who married his children only to kings—rush from his place; his *peers* and his *deputies* were unavailing; his office-holders could not sustain him; his army "fraternized with the people"; and he, forgetful of his own children, ignominiously is hustled out of the kingdom with nothing but a five-franc piece in his pocket. For the lesson thus taught, let us thank him most of all.

Men tell us it is too soon to rejoice. "Perhaps the Revolution will not hold," "it will not last," "the kings of Europe will put it down." When a sound, healthy child is born, the friends of the family congratulate the parents *then*; they do not wait till the child is grown up, and got a beard. Now this is a live child; it is well born in both senses—come of good parentage, and gives signs of a good constitution. Let us rejoice at its birth, and not wait to see if it will grow up. Let us now baptize it in the crystal fountain of our own HOPE.

In a great revolution, there are always two things to be looked to, namely: the Actions, and the Ideas which produce the actions. The actions I will say little of; you have all read of them in the newspapers. Some of the actions were bad. It is not true that all at once the French have become angels. There are low and base men, who swarm in the lanes and alleys of Paris; for that great city also is girt about with a belt of misery, of vice and of crime, eating into her painful loins. It was a bad thing to sack the Tuileries; to burn bridges, and chateaux, and railroad stations. Property is under the insurance of mankind, and the Human Race must pay in public for private depredations. It was a bad thing to kill men—the Human Race cannot make up that loss; only suffer and be penitent. I am sorry for these bad actions; but I am not surprised at them. You cannot burn down the poor dwelling of a widow in Boston, but some miserable man will steal pot or pan in the confusion of the fire. How much more should we expect pillage and violence in the earthquake which throws down a King!

Enough have I seen of the actions—but there was one deed too symbolical to be passed by. In the garden of the Tuileries, before the great gate of the palace, there stands a great statue of Spartacus, a colossal bronze, his broken chain in the left hand, his Roman sword in the right. Spartacus was a Roman gladiator. He broke his chains, gathered about him other gladiators, fugitive slaves, and assembled an army. He and his comrades fought for freedom; they cut off four consular armies sent against them; at last the hero fell amid a heap of men, slain by his own well practised hand. When the people took the old and emblematic French throne, and burned it solemnly with emblematic fire, they stripped off some of the crimson trappings of the royal seat, made a tiara thereof, and bound it on the gladiator's brazen head! But *red* is the colour of revolutions—the colour of blood; the unconscious gladiator was an image too savage for new France. So they took the Roman sword out of his hand, and in its place they put a—bunch of flowers!

Let us say a word of the IDEAS. Three Ideas filled the mind of the nation—the Idea of LIBERTY, EQUALITY and FRATERNITY. Three noble words. LIBERTY meant liberty of ALL. So at one word they set free the slaves, and if my friend's cyphers are correct, at once 300,000 souls rise up from the ground disenthralled, free men. That is a great act. A population as large as the whole family of our sober sister Connecticut all at once find their chains drop off, and they are FREE: not beasts, but MEN. This may not hold. Our Declaration of Independence was not the Confederation of '78—still less was it the Constitution of '87. The French *may* be as false as the Americans to their Idea of Liberty. At any rate, it is a good beginning. Let us rejoice at that.

EQUALITY means that all are equal before the Law, EQUAL IN RIGHTS, however unequal in mights. So all titles of Nobility come at once to an end. The royal family is like the family of our Presidents. The Chamber of Peers is abolished. Universal Suffrage is at once decreed—all men over 21 are voters. Men here in America say the French are not ready for that. No doubt the King thought so. At any rate, *he* was not ready for it. But it is not a thing altogether untried in France. It has been tried several times before. The French Constitution was accepted by the whole People in 1800: Napoleon was made Consul by the whole People—made Emperor by the whole People. Even in 1815, the "acte additionelle" to the "Charte" was accepted by the whole People. To decree universal suffrage was the most natural thing in the world. Those two Ideas—Liberty and Equality—are American Ideas; they were never American FACTS. America sought Liberty only for the WHITES. Our fathers thought not of universal suffrage.

But France has not only attempted to make our Ideas facts; she has advanced an Idea not hinted at in the American Declarations, the Idea of FRATERNITY. By this she means HUMAN BROTHERHOOD. This points not merely to a *political*, but to a *social* Revolution. It is not easy for *us* to understand how a Government can effect this. Here all comes from the People, and the People have to take care of the Government, meaning thereby the men in official power; have to furnish them with Ideas, and tell them what application to make thereof. There all comes from the Government. So the new Provisional Government of France must be one that can lead the nation; have Ideas in advance of the nation. Accordingly, it proposes many plans which with us could never have come from any party in power. Here, the Government is only the servant of the people. There, it aims to be the Father and Teacher thereof; a patriarchal Government with Christian thoughts and feelings. But as an eloquent man is to come after me, whose special aim is to develope the Idea of Human Brotherhood into social institutions—I will not dwell on this, save to mention [illegible] act of the provisional authorities: They have *abolished the punishment of death for all political offences.* You remember the guillotine, the massacres of September, the drownings in the Seine and the Loire, the dreadful butchery in the name of the Law. Put this new decree side by side with the old, and you see why Spartacus, though crowned by a Revolution, bears peaceful blossoms in his hand!

But let us hasten on; time would fail me to speak of the cause, or point out the effect of this movement of the people. Only a word concerning the objections made to it. Some say—"It is only an extempore affair. Men drunk with new power are telling their fancies, and trying in their heat to make laws thereof." It is not so. The Ideas I have hinted at have been long known and deeply cherished by the best minds in France. Last autumn, M. Lamartine, in his own newspaper—for the Deputy for Macon is an editor—published the "programme and confession of his political faith." I will read a little of it. It is a remarkable paper. (Here Mr. P. read from the *Courier des Etats Unis* for Nov. 34, 1847, passages from M. Lamartine's programme, which set forth all the schemes which the Provisional Government are now trying to carry out.)

Others say, "The whole thing seems rash!"—Well, so it does; so does any good thing seem rash to all, except the man who does it, and such as would do it if he did not. What is rash to one, is not to another. It is dangerous for an old man to *run*—fatal for him to *leap*—while his grandson jumps over wall and ditch without hurt. The American Revolution was a rash act; the English Revolution a rash act; the Protestant Reformation was a "rash act." Was it "safe" to withstand the Revolution? Did the King of the French find it so?

Yet others say, "The leaders are unknown." "Lamartine—you might as well put Mr. Dickens at the head of the nation." But when the American Revolution begun—who had ever heard of *John Hancock*, "President of the Congress," in England? To the men who knew him, John Hancock was a country trader, the richest man in a town of 10,000 inhabitants, that didn't sound very great at London. *Samuel Adams*, and *John Adams*, and *Thomas Jefferson*, and all the other men, what did the world know of them? only that they had been christened with Hebrew names. Why, *George Washington* was only, as Gen. Braddock called him, "a young Buckskin." But the world heard of these men afterwards. Let us leave the French statesmen to make to the future what report of themselves they can! Let me tell a story of Dupont de l'Eure, the head of the Government at this moment. He was one of the movers of the Revolution of 1830. He dined with the citizen King, once in some council. At the table, he and the King differed; the King affirmed, and Dupont denied. Said the King, Do you tell me I lie? Said Dupont—"When the King says YES, and Dupont de l'Eure replies NO, France will know which to believe"! The King said *Yes, we will put the people down.* Dupont said *No, you shall not put the people down*—and now France knows which to believe.

Again say others yet, "War may come, Royalty may come back, Despotism may come back. Other Kings will interpose, and put down a Republic." Other Kings interfere to put down the French! Perhaps they will. They tried it in 1793, but did not like the experiment very well. They will be well off if they do not find it necessary to put down a Republic a little nearer at hand; their *anti*-revolutionary work may begin at home.

War followed the American Revolution. It cost money, it cost men. But if we calculate the value of American Ideas, they are worth what they cost. Even the French Revolution, with all its carnage, robbery, and butchery, is worth what it cost. But it is possible that war will *not* come. From a foreign war, France has nothing to fear. There seems little danger that it will come at all. What monarchy will dare fight Republican France? Internal trouble may indeed come. It is to be expected that the new Republic will make many a misstep. But is it likely that all the old tragedies will be enacted again? Surely not—the burnt child dreads the fire. Besides, the France of '48 is not the France of '89. There is no triple despotism weighing on the people's neck, a trinity of despotic powers—the throne, the nobility, the Church. The King is fled; the nobles have ceased to be; the Church is Republican. There is no hatred between class and class, as before. The men of '89 sought freedom for the middle class, not for all classes—neither for the high, nor for the low. Religion pervades the Church and the people as never before. Better ideas prevail. It is not the gospel of Jean Jacques, and the scoffing negations of Voltaire, that are now proclaimed to the people, but the BROAD MAXIMS OF CHRISTIAN MEN!—the words of Human Brotherhood. The *men of terror* knew no weapon but the sword: the Provisional Government casts the sword from its hands, and will not shed blood for political crimes!

Still, troubles may come; war may come from without, and worse still within; the Republic may end.—But if it lasts only a day, let us rejoice in that day. Suppose it is only the dream of the nation; it is worth while to dream of Liberty, of Equality, of Fraternity; and to dream that we are awake, and trying to make them all into institutions and common life. What is only a dream now, will be a fact at last.

Next Sunday is the election day of France; five millions of voters are to choose nine hundred Representatives! Shall not the prayers of all Christian hearts go up with them on that day—a great deep prayer for their success?

The other day—the birth day of Washington—the calm, noiseless spirit of death came to release the soul of the patriarch of American Statesmen. While his sun was slowly sinking in the Western sky, the life-star of a new nation was visibly rising there, far off in the East. A Pagan might be pardoned for the thought, that the intrepid soul of that old man foresaw the peril, and, slowly quitting its hold of the worn-out body, went thither to kindle anew the flames of liberty he fanned so often here. That is but a Pagan thought. This is a Christian thought: The same God who formed the world of man's abode, presides also in the movements of mankind, and directs their voluntary march. See how this earth has been brought to her present firm and settled state. By storm and earthquake, continent has been rent from continent—oceans have swept over the mountains—and the scars of ancient war still mark our Parent's venerable face. So is it in the growth of human society: it is the child of Pain—Revolutions have rocked its cradle, war and violence rudely nursed it into hardy life. Good institutions—how painfully, how slowly have they come!

> "Slowly as spreads the green of earth
> O'er the receding ocean's bed,
> Dim as the distant stars come forth—
> Uncertain as a vision flow.
> Has been the old world's toiling pace,
> Ere she can give fair FREEDOM place."

Let us welcome the green spot when it begins to spread; let us shout as the sterile sea of barbarism goes back; let us rejoice in the "vision" of good things to come; let us welcome the distant and rising orb—for it is the Bethlehem star of a great nation—and they who behold it may well say—PEACE ON EARTH, AND GOOD WILL TO MEN. (Cheers.)

ADDRESS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY WOMEN OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

Under a deep and abiding impression of the duty we owe to God and our fellow-beings, the Anti-Slavery women of Rochester feel constrained to continue to persevere in their efforts for the oppressed and suffering bondmen who still remain toiling unrequited in the Southern prison house.—We are frequently brought painfully to remember that not only is their labour wrested from them unremunerated; not only do they suffer from intense hunger and cold; not only are the females, OUR SISTERS, subjected to the cruel and passionate outrages of their tyrannical masters and overseers; but there are daily instances of sundering the dearest ties in nature, thus separating them forever. And can we expect anything better—can we look for benevolence or fine feelings from a system so foul and fiendish as Slavery? It would be unreasonable, because "a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit." Therefore, knowing that without associative action we cannot render efficient aid to this holy cause, we affectionately invite the co-operation of the citizens of Rochester and the public generally. We ask them to bear in mind the injunctions of Jesus, "All things whatsoever ye would men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Remember, also, the beautiful parable in which he calls our attention to the sick and to those who are in prison, and concludes by the forcible assertion, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." We feel assured all that have hearts to feel, and are careful to attend to the monitions of conscience—all who are determined to live for the good of our race, instead of devoting all their time to their own personal ease—all who feel bound to improve the precious time allotted to them here, by promoting as much as possible the cause of truth and righteousness in the earth, will come forward in the work of labouring to banish forever the demon of Slavery from our land; and in so doing, instead of an example of corruption and wickedness, we shall be a "light to the world."

We hope no one will feel too poor, nor any too rich, to enlist in this holy cause. The Christian influence, in whatever situation, is always salutary, and will certainly produce its good effects. We ask all and every one to give us their help; and to devote what they can spare, either of money or of the fruits of their labour, to the work of restoring men and women to themselves, to their manhood, to the rights and blessings with which they were endowed by our Creator.

For this object we propose holding a Fair in December next. We ask the females in the adjoining towns and country around us, to get up sewing circles, and prepare such articles as will be most saleable, and to come, furnish tables, give us their company, and help us, not only in selling those things thus prepared, but in convincing the public mind of the necessity of our perseverance and fidelity, and thus to be helpers in hastening the day of Emancipation.

ABIGAIL BUSH,	Rochester.
SARAH D. FISH,	"
SARAH L. HALLOWELL,	"
MARY H. HALLOWELL,	"
SARAH A. BURTIS,	"
MARGARET A. LARSON,	"
ELIZABETH SULLY,	"
PHEBE TREADWELL,	"
CHARLOTTE S. WILBER,	"
HULDA ANTHONY,	"
RHODA DE GARMO,	"
CATHARINE G. BRAITHWAITE,	"
SARAH E. THAYER,	"
CATHARINE A. F. STEBBINS,	"
AMY POST,	
HENRIETTA PLATT,	Bath.
SUSAN R. DOTY,	Farmington.
MARIA WILBUR,	"
ELIZABETH SMITH,	"
ESTHER HATHAWAY,	"
CAROLINE HALSTEAD,	Walworth.
JULIA PARKER,	"
ELIZA COOPER,	Williamson.
AMY MOTT,	"
REBECCA M. C. CAPRON,	Auburn.
MRS. HAMLIN,	Port Byron.
MARGARET PRIOR,	Waterloo.
MARY ANN McCLINTOCK,	"
LAURA MURRAY,	Victor.
MRS. MACKINTYRE,	Darion.

☞ The Pioneer and Herald of Freedom came to us last week in a new and beautiful dress. In typographical execution, and in quality of paper, it is decidedly superior, and highly creditable to our friend Tolman, the printer. With this change in the physical, there may have come another, and far more important, (though yet undeveloped,) in the spiritual character of the paper. Henry Clapp, Jr. has been succeeded in the editorial chair by our old friend George Bradburn, Esq. What he will make of it, what views it will hold, what principles it will support, is quite uncertain. It has been for some time past an advocate of Non-Resistance. We have reason to believe that it will be such no longer, for friend *Bradburn is a war man.* It was once a free meeting paper: it cannot be so now, for friend *Bradburn is an order man.* It was once a moral suasion paper; it cannot be so now, for friend *Bradburn is a legal man.* It was once a non-voting paper; it cannot be so now, for friend *Bradburn is a voting man.* It was once a staunch disunion paper; it cannot be so now for friend *Bradburn is a Union man.* It was once an anti-Liberty party paper; it cannot be so now, for friend *Bradburn is a Liberty party man.* Our friend Bradburn says the paper shall be an "organ of *himself only*," and if so, we presume the Pioneer has become a Liberty party paper. And so we go round, round, round!—*North Star.*

Communications.

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

[*Continued.*]

The morning session of Third-day was preceded by an interesting and beautiful communication from one of the *living servants* on the nature of Christian duty, in which he dwelt emphatically upon that instructive text of the Apostle to the Gentiles, in language similar to this: "Brethren, we are not called to fight against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers and *spiritual wickedness* in high places." Let us have spiritual armour, our feet shod with the gospel of Jesus Christ, and with the sword of his spirit, which is love, pure love, put on the Helmet of salvation. This is the Christian's armour, in which he can go forth under the sacred banner of the Prince of Peace and "armed with panoply complete of heavenly temper," in this spirit only can we prevail.

It was this which strengthened the arm of that great Apostle, and sustained the faithful founder of this people and enabled them to prevail over all the powers of Antichrist. There is but one true Shepherd—even the tender Shepherd of Israel, and he only should rule over us. The fervent breathings of *such* heaven-taught spirits, acted as a charm of interest, and held the well pleased listener by a cord which would not break, and proved a source of constant attraction to this religious body.—How often and how ardently was it wished that such instructive communications might sink deeply into the heart, and be livingly impressed upon every member present, and especially upon those who stand as leaders in the army of the faithful—who occupy the first rank in this spiritual warfare, and from whom the least deficiency of moral firmness and of spiritual energy endangers the order and discipline of the camp, and lays a discouraging stumbling-block in the path of the sincere and true-hearted inquirer. It is this omission "to suit the action to the word," which it is apprehended has been the antecedent cause, and which has been the occasion for such frequent and mournful Jeremiads over the real and apparent infractions of that discipline, whose wise and salutary queries are regarded by every truly convinced Friend with as much respect and interest, as were the injunctions of the Jewish Decalogue by that peculiar people. Produced, as they are believed to have been, by the light of best wisdom, and adapted, in a peculiar manner to the condition and wants of this people at the time they were recieved, they have proved a blessing to them, and faithfulness alone is wanting to make "the reputation of Society," that official bubble, as exalted and as influential for good as it ever has been; and it is sincerely believed that if those who occupy *elevated positions* and *fill its official stations* had been faithful to the pointings of truth, instead of covering themselves with a covering which is not of *His Spirit* but of creaturely contrivance, the sad necessity of that sorrowful separation in the Religious Society of Friends would never have existed. The answers to the first query were examined and the deficiencies were deplored as usual by some, but much well timed exhortation was given, and the view was expressed with confidence that those who are "diligent in business," and omit not the assembling of themselves for social and divine worship will realize all that they may hope for on such occasions, and retire to their homes with the heartfelt sentiment, "It was good for me that I was there."

It was also affirmed in this connection, that obedience to the divine Spirit, that light within, and ever-wakeful witness for truth, would not only enlarge our happiness, but also our capacity for usefulness among our fellow-men, and such is the position which every Anti-Slavery Friend may take and refute by his own example, *that unfounded charge that the Spirit of Abolition has a scattering tendency.* Under the benign influence of that merciful and truth-seeking spirit, those who are allied to the religious Society of Friends by birth, by education, and by religious conviction, may cling to that organization with unabated affection; not as a bigoted sect, but a Christian brotherhood—as an interesting segment of the great circle of humanity, and while their efforts are wisely and feelingly directed to improve and ameliorate the condition of their brethren at home, by acts of unobtrusive beneficence, their hearts may overflow with an expansive benevolence and tender sympathy for human suffering in every condition of life and in every section of the Globe. There is a peculiar simplicity and beauty and sublimity in Christian love, and while it purifies and strengthens and ennobles the human intellect, it augments and exalts our affections.

The answers to the second query, reported that love and unity appeared to be maintained within the bounds of this Yearly Meeting, and that tale-bearing and detraction were not encouraged, but it was confessed that more attention to the movements of *one unruly member* would be useful. The unhappy effects which arise from cherishing a detracting spirit was forcibly illustrated, and when it is used to serve the cause of *spiritual wickedness* in high places, its consequences upon individuals, and upon the Society, are deplorable indeed, and it was clearly shown that the most certain antidote for detraction and the spirit of hate, is to keep the heart well "baptized in the fountain of eternal love."

The third query, being very comprehensive in its character, consumed much time in its consideration; that of conversation, conduct, and dress, the reading of the ancient scriptures and pernicious works, and the influence of *vicious example*, opened a wide field for judicious and feeling discussion. All works of fiction were considered by many as pernicious reading, and calculated to vitiate the taste of all classes for truthful and substantial food; just as alcohol does physically. The authors of such works might prepare them with the best intentions, but they are like the humane slaveholder who steals for us the produce of unpaid toil, and the moral distiller, retailer, and consumer of spirituous and fermented liquors. They give character and standing to the most licentious and abandoned of their kind. Allusion was also made to works of a different class, which it was feared were introduced into the families of some Friends, and which inculcated views which might lead some of them to overlook the fundamental principle of this religious Society, and place their sole reliance on the unaided light of human reason, instead of that divine light within, "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and which is the only sure and substantial evidence of the existence of a universal parent. According to Scripture declaration—"What is to be known of God is manifest within,"—"God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in Spirit." It is in vain that we read with prayerless and fixed attention the laboured arguments of a Paley to obtain an unfading evidence to prove that existence, or pause with painful emotions over the sarcastic and intemperate pages of Paine. In vain do we peruse the voluminous and volatile scribblings of Voltaire, or follow the talented Diderot, the amiable D'Alembert, or the eloquent Mirabeau, in their efforts to prove the self-existence and eternity of matter, and close that masterly effort of intellectual power, with an invocation to the *Spirit of Nature*, even to that *Eternal Spirit*," in whom we live and move, and have our being." Those who have passed through such investigations with an eye open to the light of Truth, do but discharge a sacred duty, when they spread the fruits of such inquiry before their young, and ardent, and inexperienced brethren, and lisp in tones of persuasive gentleness, the words of timely caution.

The influence of political newspapers which so often appear as mendacious pests to poison the fountain of domestic felicity, to foster the baser passions of the human heart, and lead man to imbrue his hands in the blood of his brother, by senseless applause of the human butcher, were represented as the most deleterious kind of pernicious reading. An apprehension was also expressed that some of the Unitarian publications might have an injurious tendency. The simplicity of that "mode of Faith," and the importance of a *pure moral practice* so rigidly urged by them, assimilating so much to that of Friends, it was feared by some that the young and superficial members might be led to overlook the light of immediate revelation, that peculiar and distinctive principle of this religious society; and one dear brother was endued with power to blow a trumpet in our zion and to sound an alarm against the danger of the Trinitarian scheme, that relic of Polytheism, that Herculian error which appears to have been rocked when an infant, in the cradle of Romanism, and to have been baptized into the Christian Church to conciliate and render palatable to the gross and vitiated taste of the heathen world, the simple and sublime precepts and parables of the blessed Messiah. This speculative dream has been conceived in the night of ignorance, when unenlightened humanity yielded to the impulse of "the divinity which stirs within," and to the universal sentiments of dependence, howed in humble adoration to that splendid luminary of day, that inimitable type of infinite purity, as "the source of every good and perfect gift." The moon and the stars, also, at that era, had their gorgeous temples and their devout worshippers, and unto these were offered sacrifices to appease their fancied wrath or invite their hopeful favour; hence the origin of outward sacrifices, rising in value according to the magnitude of the supposed occasion, until the divine image itself was offered as an expiation upon their altars. And *such a sacrifice* is regarded, at this hour, *as a substitute* for that of "an humble and contrite spirit," and that of daily self-denial. This is the cross which Jesus bore, and which he commended to his followers both by precept and by example, when he said "take up thy daily cross and follow me."

The records of Moses bear explicit testimony that he was taught of God, and they also bear faithful witness that the slaves of Egypt, who went into the wilderness, with him as their leader, were not in a condition to recognize a clearer view of truth, than that which Moses learned when he was adopted into the royal family of Pharoah, and was taught in the idolatrous temple of Osyris the sacred mysteries and the solemn rites and ceremonies of the *cunning Priesthood* there. What a volume of instruction is opened to the reflective mind as it dwells upon these interesting pages, in which, even then, we may trace an acknowledgment of a nobler "plan of salvation," according to the order of Melchesedeck, a pure spiritual worship to the exclusion of all forms and ceremonies, and of all spiritual theories, even that of our ancient and our early Friends.

It is no new thing for this people to be stigmatized by the victims of Priestcraft as Infidels and Heretics, for, "after that which the world calls Heresy, worship we the God of our Fathers," and having drank of the bitter cup of injustice and oppression under *every form of Government*, established and sustained by the sword, the sympathies of all true Friends are ever with the oppressed, and a ready answer will be found in this to that oft repeated query, "why do the Quakers love the negroes so?" The principle of *moral suasion* which was inscribed upon the banner of the American Anti-Slavery Society when it was first unfurled to the free air of Heaven on the watch tower of human freedom, was a bright omen, and rejoiced the heart of the intelligent bondman and the conscientious and faithful members of the religious Society of Friends who were among the first to recognize, on Scripture ground, that great apostle of immediate and unbought emancipation, when he laid his hand upon *that lever* whose fulcrum is the Heaven, and whose clearness of vision and firmness of character marked him a master spirit to raise the moral world. His faithfulness and that of his associates, has challenged the admiration and attracted the sympathies of the noblest minds and the purest hearts of every civilized land. And who will not confess that by this unseen but tremendous power they have stayed the hand of violence on the part of the oppressed and tortured slave, and have shown "a better way" than the blazing city and the desolate hearth to speed the onward march of emancipation.

There is no cause for discouragement to the sincere lover of the race and the devoted patriot, although the mock sun of military slang may outshine for a day the the milder rays of the blessed sun of righteousness.—The captivating airs of martial music may fill the ear of the million, and make the wretched cry of the toilworn and bleeding sufferers in the midst of this nation, to pass unnoticed and unheeded, for the signs are full of promise that a better time is coming, when those who are earnestly pleading the cause of mercy and of man, shall have a hearing; when their faithful monitions shall reach the heart and shall claim the sober second thought of a reading and a thinking people, and shall prepare the way for that era when the beautiful rainbow of Emancipation shall over-arch our native land, when the lamb and the leopard, the slave and the slave-master, shall lie down in undisturbed repose and awake to the peaceful peans of equal and impartial liberty.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1848.

The Standard—New Arrangement.

The Standard, for the ensuing volume, will continue under the charge of its present editor, with the assistance of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, as Corresponding Editor.

Mr. Lowell's contributions will be weekly, and over his own initials.

EDMUND QUINCY, whose letters from Boston, are already known to, and appreciated by our readers, will continue our regular *Boston Correspondent.* A letter from him will be published every fortnight.

Our Dublin Correspondent, R. D. WEBB, will keep as informed of the condition of Ireland, and the state of Europe generally, as heretofore by regular communications, twice each month.

We have the promise, also, of occasional letters from two well-known friends of the cause, who will leave this country on the 1st of June, for Europe.

With such a list of *regular contributors* to its columns, in addition to those who favour us with occasional communications, we are confident that the Standard will be worthy of, and we trust will receive, the hearty support of every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society. We are certainly speaking within bounds, when we say, that no volume, since its establishment, has been commenced under more favourable auspices. The engagement of Mr. Lowell, whose reputation as a poet, and a reviewer, is second to no other in this country, we esteem as a most fortunate one for the paper and the cause which it advocates. And it is not improper to say here, that the frequent quotations which are made from the letters of our Boston and Dublin correspondents, are the best proof of the esteem in which they are held by our contemporaries of the Press.

Two years since the price of the Standard was put at $1 *per annum*, in the hope of an increased circulation. The success of the experiment has not been such as to justify, in the opinion of the Committee, the continuation of these terms, in view of the increased expenditure involved in the new arrangement. The subscription-price, therefore, will be raised, at the commencement of the new volume, to its former rate of *Two Dollars per annum*, payable in advance. The new arrangement commences immediately, but the price will not be raised till the 1st of June. All subscribers who have *already* paid in advance for the next volume, will receive the paper, till the close of their year at the old price. All whose year commences *before* the close of the present volume, and who pay before the change is made, will receive the paper to the close of *their* year, at $1 *per annum.* But all who do not pay before the 1st of June, whose subscription commences at that time, and have not already paid, will pay the new price of $2 *per annum.*

☞ NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS! ☜

FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY
Of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will be held in the BROADWAY TABERNACLE, NEW YORK, on TUESDAY, THE NINTH DAY OF MAY, at ten o'clock, A. M.

The present aspect of public affairs in this country, should make this meeting one of more than usual importance and interest. The Southern boundary of AMERICAN SLAVERY, which, since this Society was formed, has been removed from the SABINE to the NEUCES, It is now proposed by its guardians to remove still farther into the free territory of a sister Republic. We have little reason to expect a more favourable termination to the two years' war waged, at an enormous expense of blood and treasure, for the sole purpose of extending the worst system of human bondage by conquest. Whether ABOLITIONISTS of the country can arrest the perpetration of this STUPENDOUS NATIONAL CRIME, or not, it is no less their duty to make the effort. The last PUBLIC PROTEST they may have the opportunity to record against it, should be earnest and unanimous.

The necessity of the moment should also remind us of how much of the work is still to be done, which this Society, fourteen years ago resolved to do. Since its formation, Slavery has not been abolished in a single State of the Union. A MILLION more of our countrymen have been born to the lot of slaves. But that this Society and its auxiliaries, have aroused, to a certain degree, a universal Anti-Slavery sentiment at the North, and have made the topic one of absorbing interest throughout the country, is the best evidence of the wisdom of their measures, and should be the strongest incentive to still more strenuous self-denying toil.

The old and tried friends of the cause, and those who have been but recently aroused to the necessity of the overthrow of the felon system of AMERICAN SLAVERY are urged to make of this meeting a GRAND RALLY FOR FREEDOM.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Pres't.
WENDELL PHILLIPS, S. H. GAY, } Secretaries.

Shall we ever be Republicans?

Voltaire said that the English went mad once in seven years; that is, the electors among them. It was one of their constitutional guarantees. This privilege of losing their heads septennially was a concession which they obtained either by taking off that of the first Charles, or by the revolution which resulted from the second James's never having had any. We, who have improved upon the British system in so many important particulars, have not neglected one so important as this. Not only are we allowed to indulge ourselves in this luxury, as American citizens, at proper and not too infrequent intervals, but, as inhabitants of particular States and cities, or as members of yet more minutely subdivided corporations, we are enabled to render its blessings perennial. Conservative minds who consider it necessary that God and Nature should be assisted here, checked there, and generally modified by the wiser counsels of Property, esteem this as the great safeguard of our institutions. Their theory, though not precisely so stated, amounts to this—that the minds of the people must be kept constantly employed about the shadows of power, to prevent their hands from grasping at the substance, and to neutralize the activity of that organ of destructiveness which includes more or less of the brain in proportion as the pocket is emptier or fuller. The balances of Commonwealths can only be kept even by throwing the dust of them into the eyes of the masses. It is truly ludicrous to see the importance which the American people attach to the getting one or the other shell of a Presidential election. They seem to consider that they have nothing to do with the oyster.

Under the modern forms of monarchical Governments it has been found that provided the stomachs of the people are filled to the point of a certain ascertained *minimum*, the residue may be profitably stuffed with sham.—With us, plenty has hitherto precluded the necessity of employing this economical emulent, except for the purpose of habituating the system to its use in advance. The experiment here seems to be to discover how far the old style of Government can get along, if it be called by another name. As much complication of machinery as possible is interposed between the will of the people and the objects it may be desirous to exercise itself upon.—Brother Jonathan was a great deal too shrewd to take the pills of despotism from the hands of the regular practitioners, but will swallow them by the handful if prescribed by quacks. Political theorists tell us that the people are led by their interests, by the passion of the moment, by their prejudices, and what not, but in point of fact they have never been led in any other than the good old-fashioned method, namely—by their noses. Despotisms attain their ends by grinding the faces of their subjects. All that apparently restrains us from the same practice seems to be that it would endanger a feature so useful in the administration of affairs. Nevertheless, we get along tolerably well. We have got a very pretty war, a respectable standing army, and a very long bill to pay.

However it may have been in theory, it has never become practically understood that Governments are intended solely for the advantage of the many. What difference does it make whether an aspirant for office cringe to a President or a King, whether he bribe the mistress of some Anointed Majesty with gold, or the sovereign people with fawning and sophistry? As far as our national Government is concerned, we do not deserve the name of a free people. Whenever there has been the least danger of its expressing the great Idea which nominally underlies our institutions, Slavery has put her bloody hand over its mouth. She has gone on from usurpation to usurpation, till we have forgotten that we ever intended to be free. She has taught us to cringe and palter and equivocate.—She has been the source of every political evil that has befallen us. She has not allowed us a single Statesman, but hordes of shufflers and trimmers. Is it not a degrading fact that a man's being *known* is enough to prevent his having any hope of the Presidency? The two great parties are equally corrupt. They would vote for the Devil—provided he were a slaveholder. It is because Slavery has made our great intellects blind, that we are ruled by our little ones. Men in prominent positions are obliged to wink at so many things, that they at last come to the conclusion that it saves time to keep their eyes shut altogether. We produce great speakers by the score, but never a great doer—except of mischief.

This state of things has not been the fault of the people, but of their teachers. Men have found it easier to govern them by tradition than by truth. They have been instructed to consider allegiance to a piece of striped bunting, of deeper import than loyalty to Truth herself. Demagogues care not how muddy the stream which floats them into office, even though it be turbid with blood. The people, meanwhile, go on laying the golden eggs, but will by and by discover that they are geese for doing it.

People talk a great deal of the tyranny of Public Opinion. It is not this we groan under, but rather the public *want of Opinion.* The majority of our Statesmen have no opinions on any subject whatever. They have prospective opinions, contingent opinions, opinions subject to the decision of national Conventions, opinions on both sides of any matter, opinions that they are very fit persons for the Presidency, but as to true, definite opinions, by which we mean, sincere results of judgment based on the consideration of absolute right, they have them not. Instead of trying to form a direct public sentiment, they simply endeavour to find out what it is and to pamper it. Possibly they think that, as two negatives make an affirmative, the adding together of their own want of principle, and the people's want of intelligence, may produce an enlightened honesty. So accustomed are the masses to this state of things, that they will give their votes much more readily for a man who proclaims himself the disciple of somebody else, than for one who is his own master. Jefferson and Jackson still rule us from their urns, and we are governed more by the dead past, than by a regard to the present or future.

The condition into which affairs have gradually sunk is astounding. Our Government is as absolutely a distinct thing from the people as that of Nicholas. If it were otherwise, would such a debate as the recent one in Congress on the French sympathy resolves, have been possible? We believe that the genuine instincts of the people would sympathize heartily with the abolition of Slavery in the French Colonies, if they were only allowed a chance to express themselves. A noble sentiment will always carry the field against a mean one, if fair play be maintained. We have institutions for teaching the Blind and the Deaf Mutes the management of their faculties, but are more sadly in need of one to give our Northern Representatives lessons in the use of their backbones. There is scarce a half-dozen of them who know how to stand tolerably upright.

The truth is, that we have never been more than nominal republicans. We have never got over a certain shamefacedness at the disrespectability of our position. We feel as if when we espoused Liberty, we had contracted a *mésolliance.* The criticism of the traveller who looks at us from a monarchical point of view, exasperates us. Instead of minding our own business, we have been pitifully anxious as to what would be thought of us in Europe. We have had Europe in our minds fifty times, where we have had God and Conscience once. Our literature has endeavoured to convince Europeans that we are as like them as circumstances would admit. The men who have the highest and boldest bearing among us are the slaveholders. We are anxious to be acknowledged as one of the great Powers of Christendom, forgetful that all the fleets and navies in the world are weak in comparison with one sentence in the Declaration of Independence. When every other argument in favour of our infamous Mexican war had been exhausted, there was this still left—that it would make us more respected abroad. We are afraid of our own principles, as a raw recruit of his musket. As far as the outward machinery of our Government is concerned, we are democratic only in our predilection for little men.

When will men learn that the only true conservatism lies in growth and progress, that whatever has ceased growing has begun to die? It is not the conservative, but the retarding, element which resides in the pocket. It is droll to witness the fate of this conservatism when the Ship of any State goes to pieces. It lashes itself firmly to the ponderous anchor it has provided for such an emergency, cuts all loose, and goes—to the bottom. There are a great many things to be done in this country, but the first is the abolition of Slavery. If it were not so arrant a sin as it is, we should abolish it, (if for no other reason,) that it accustoms our public men to being cowards. We are astonished, under the present system, when a Northern Representative gets so far as to surmise that his soul is his own, and make a hero of him forthwith. But we shall never have that inward fortunateness, without which, all outward prosperity is a cheat and delusion, till we have torn up this deadly Upas, no matter with what dear or sacred things its pestilential roots may be entwined.—J. R. L.

A New York Slave-Ship.

Merchant vessels sometimes display, at their ports, wooden guns, which are known among sailors as "Quakers." The name was given them probably because of their peaceful character, and partly, perhaps, with the purpose of conveying, in a pleasant sarcasm, the truth that that respectable class of the community are not always what they profess to be. However this may be, we wish that the prefix "Quaker" could never designate anything more mischievous than a wooden gun. We regret to have heard lately of a case of something of quite a different character, being nothing more nor less than a Quaker Slave-Ship.

It will be recollected that the barque Laurens was captured in January last, off Rio Janiero, by the United States Schooner Onkahye, and sent to this port. She was libelled, and Captain Littlefield was recently examined on a charge of being engaged in the Foreign Slave-Trade. He was held to bail in the sum of $2000, for the return of the Grand Jury. We copy the testimony of the several witnesses from one of the daily papers:

Captain Berryman, of the Onkahye, testified that while lying at Rio he received orders from the commander of the American squadron to follow the Laurens to sea and take possession and examine her to see if any evidence existed as to her being intended for the slave-trade; overhauled and hailed her the same night. When first hailed she made more sail, as if to get away, and I was obliged to hoist additional canvas to keep up with her; threatned to fire, when she came too; sent Lieut. Wells and acting master Renshaw in two boats, with 10 men each, to examine her; while they were on their way Capt. L. came on board in his boat, with six men, saying he understood the hail to order him on board; he brought papers, which he said were the ship's papers; he said he had on board 200 casks, each containing 240 gallons of water, and had $20,000, in gold and silver, in kegs.

Lieut. Wells testified to having boarded; the L. had 14 persons on board beside the captain; two said they were passengers, one a Brazilian and the other a Portuguese; one said he was supercargo and the other that he was agent of the owner; found no cargo except water; I tasted the water in five or six casks, and found it fresh; it was said some had salt water; found charts of the Southern Coast, also of the East and West Coasts of Africa, and one of the Cape of Good Hope, but none of the Chinese Seas; found no arms nor manacles; the ship's documents were produced; they purported that the vessel was bound for Batavia.

William A. Jackson testified that he shipped at Rio as mate of the Laurens; knew Capt. L. when sailing between New York and Liverpool; Capt. Rogers brought the vessel to Rio; after sailing, and about an hour and a half before being boarded by the Onkahye, the Portuguese passenger asked me how I should like to go to the Coast of Africa; I said I thought I should like to go; he then stated that the vessel was bound there; he said he was going out to bring the vessel home; he was going on the east Coast of Africa for slaves; I said if that was the case I did not think Capt. Littlefield knew it; he made no reply; I had shipped on a voyage to Batavia, and supposed we were going there, but after this conversation thought we were bound for the Coast of Africa: he said he had been two or three times on the coast for slaves, and had always been successful; he said the slave-trade was a very profitable trade for a young man that wished to go into it; that he had made $5,000 in one trip; the conversation was while we were walking the deck, the captain at the time being below; the vessel took on board at Rio 150 to 180 puncheons, 50 of them were filled with salt water, others fresh; water is better to carry than ballast; I knew of a voyage to Batavia in a vessel which had water and slaves, and they sold for a good profit; I have sold water there; there was also a quantity of rice and farina on board the L.; I saw the Portuguese conceal papers when the vessel was boarded; they were discovered.

On the following day, some more of the crew were examined, but nothing particular elicited. There were but three Americans on board the Laurens at the time of her capture, Capt. L. who belongs to Alexandria. Mr. Wm. N. Jackson, mate, of Boston, and James Wilkins, coloured man, cook, who belongs to Philadelphia. Two or three of the men who testified yesterday morning did so by an interpreter. They stated that they supposed they were going to the East Indies. One said that Capt. L. gave the orders. John Collins, a Prussian by birth, second mate, testified that he never heard they were going on a slaving voyage, but to Batavia. When the Onkahye came up, set sail on the L. to get steerage way on her.

Lieut. Hunter testified to having been on the Coast of Africa; knows the general character of Quilemane; have seen a dozen little negroes chained together there; no vessels go there on their way to Batavia; it is a slave depot; lived at Rio eight or ten years; my father once was Minister there; chased a vessel on shore there once that had 700 or 800 slaves on board; vessels in fitting out generally, if they can, take an American captain on board, who leaves the vessel on the coast, and she is taken in charge fully by the person who goes out for that purpose. The quantity of water the Laurens had on board was sufficient for the crew of a frigate of 500 men on a four months' cruise; the Laurens is a roomy vessel, of 400 tons, and could have taken 1,200 slaves on board; the price obtained for them at Rio is generally between $300 and $400 a piece.

There is nothing in all this so uncommon as particularly to excite remark. Capt. Littlefield, it seems, was a citizen of the District of Columbia, and is, no doubt, so well acquainted with the trade in slaves, and the economy of humanity in it, that he would have brought his living cargo into the port of Rio in "good order and well-conditioned" as when shipped. His mistake was in transferring his enterprise and activity from his own country, where the traffic is legal and honourable, to one where the laws of that very country make any participation in it a capital offence. His sin, in American morality, is one, not so much against humanity, as against the sacred right of Tariffs; and he may yet, should he not find his judges merciful—which he probably will—pay, with a broken neck, for his love of filthy lucre. Or perhaps, which would make his case all the harder, his only guilt was, that, in faithfully serving the interests of his owners, and in his efforts to secure them a good charter for their vessel, he unwisely consented to deliver her on the coast of Africa, to return in her thence as only a passenger. For such is the method by which American vessels are made to serve as slavers, and American ship-owners enjoy something of the profits, without overloading their consciences with any of the guilt of the trade—the *foreign trade*, we mean—in slaves.

That Captain Littlefield supposed he was going to Batavia, or did not know where he was going, or what he was going for, seems hardly probable. We trust, however for the honour of the New York Yearly Meeting, that the owners of the barque Laurens were in no manner cognizant of his proceedings, whatever may have been his purpose. The names of those gentlemen do not appear upon the examination, but we understand them to be Messrs A. and S. Willetts, respectable merchants of this city and members in high standing of the body just referred to. That Friends should send a vessel to a well-known slave-trading port for a freight, strikes us as somewhat inconsistent with the early testimonies of the Society; that they should send one, without such positive instructions to her master, as should preclude all possibility of her engaging in that traffic, seems almost incredible; and it is equally difficult to believe that their Captain should turn pirate, even under the strongest temptation of profit to himself and his owners, if he had express orders from them not to employ their capital in so objectionable a manner. At any rate, questions on 'Change as to "the price of niggers," must be somewhat annoying to members of Society, and is a striking evidence of the necessity of Friends giving heed to the wise admonition to "keep out of the mixture." We trust, however, that some satisfactory explanation of the whole transaction may yet be made, and that there will be no difficulty in the way of returning the usual answers to the query relative to "prized goods," at the ensuing Yearly Meeting of the Hicksite Friends of New York.

We cut the following article from an Albany paper. It is worthy the attention of the coloured people, and their friends in those towns where coloured children are not permitted to attend the common schools.

APPROPRIATION FOR COLOURED SCHOOLS.

FRIEND SMITH:—Permit me through your paper to call the attention of the coloured people of this State to the following law, appropriating a sum of money to defray the expenses of schools for the exclusive instruction of coloured children, passed May 12th, 1847:—

"There shall be paid from the income of the United States deposite fund to the trustees of every incorporated village, which shall, during one year from the passage of this act, support for three months or more a school for the exclusive instruction of coloured children, the sum of twelve dollars a month during the time such school shall be kept, not exceeding six months, to be applied to defraying the expenses thereof; but no money shall be paid for any months during which the number of scholars attending such school shall be, on the average, less than ten, and for this purpose the sum of five thousand dollars of the said income is hereby appropriated."

I find by inquiry at the Comptroller's office, that but three schools have availed themselves of the appropriation. It cannot be that it is generally known that such an appropriation has been made. If you and other editors friendly to the coloured people will publish this article, you will confer a favour upon them.

T. S. B.

Albany, March 22d, 1848.

A TIMELY DECISION.—Damages amounting to $2,500 have been awarded to C. M. Clay, in a suit, in Kentucky, against James B. Clay, and T. H. Waters, who were the ringleaders in the mob that attacked the office of the former in Lexington, and forcibly carried his paper out of the State. The decison is a very just one, and will no doubt be an effectual check upon the growth of mobocracy in Kentucky. It is good service done to the cause of Anti-Slavery, and secures the freedom of the press and of speech in that State, and gives it a foothold, which it has had, in its infancy, in no other State in the Union. If Philadelphia had checked her first mob—that which burnt Pennsylvania Hall—in the same way, her history for the last ten years would have been a very different one. But that city has only till within a year paid for any of the damage done at that time, and even yet the stockholders have received no remuneration for their loss. This plan of sueing individuals is much the better one, and will prove probably the most effectual. It is a pity that the Mayor of Philadelphia, who put the keys of Pennsylvania Hall, in his pocket, expressly that the mob might burn it at their leisure, had not been sued for the whole amount of the loss as the ringleader.

We congratulate the friends of free speech, and a free press, in Kentucky, that a good lesson has been given in the outset, to the mobocrats among them, and that the first to feel the tender mercies of the law were blackguards in broadcloth.

Escape and Recapture of Seventy-Seven Slaves.—Seventy-seven slaves escaped from Washington on Saturday last, but, we are sorry to hear, have been recaptured. They embarked on board the schooner Pearl, of Philadelphia, which had recently arrived there with wood, and had reached the mouth of the Potomac, on the return trip, with this full complement of passengers, when she was overtaken and captured by the steamer Salem, from Georgetown. The name of the Captain of the Pearl was Sears, and he reports himself as from Massachusetts.

Great excitement existed in Washington on the return of the Pearl, and the white persons on board, were only saved from the violence of the mob, by being conveyed, at once to prison in carriages. The disappointed rioters in the blindness of their rage then turned upon the innocent and harmless Era, and broke in some of the windows of its publication office. So unprovoked an attack meets, and will meet, with loud condemnation. The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald denounces, in indignant terms, the mere presence of certain Anti-Slavery members of Congress, but at the same time bears strong testimony of the uniformly dignified and respectable conduct of the editor of the Era. We have no doubt he will be acquitted, by acclamation, of having said or done anything to create any feeling of uneasiness on the part of either masters or slaves, in Washington.

Mr. Giddings brought the subject of the imprisonment of those seventy-seven men and women, who dared to start in "the pursuit of happiness," in their own way, before the House, and it was received with shouts of laughter—of course. *Vive la Republique!*

☞ **The Harbinger** says we waited to hear from Boston before venturing to say anything about the French Revolution. The assertion would be a very silly one, even if the fact did not happen to be that we were in Boston when the news arrived, and for a fortnight afterward. Our neighbour's ill temper sours his wit. *That* fling was a very flat and sorry one the first time it was made; but as it happened to suit a certain class of empty-headed partisans, who were never vexed with an original notion, it has been repeated so often since that it has lost all its force—if it ever had any. We have no objection to the Harbinger and its compeers printing such vapidity weekly if they find it agreeable, but we wish they *could* hit upon something new. Abuse from the Harbinger, and some other papers of the like stamp, we consider as rather a compliment than otherwise, but at the same time, if it is all the same to them, we like there should be a little spice in it.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Bellows and his wife, and Mrs. Kirkland, sailed from this port a few days since, for a six-month's tour in Europe. Mr. Briggs, of Plymouth, Mass. occupies the pulpit of Mr. Bellows, and the editorial chair of the Inquirer, during his absence.

"**Tamango.**"—We are indebted to an accomplished friend for the elegant translation of the Tale which we have commenced on the 4th page of this week's paper. A glance at it will show that it needs no recommendation. The conclusion will be given in our next number.

The Charter Election in this city, last week, resulted in the choice of Mr. Havemeyer (Democrat) for Mayor; eight Democratic Aldermen, and ten Whigs; ten Democratic Assistant Aldermen, and eight Whigs. The choice of Mr. Havemeyer over Mr. Brady, the present incumbent, is considered a triumph of the Wilmot Proviso principle by that section of the Democratic party. Mr. Brady is understood to be a Taylor man.

Letter No. 1.—Mr. Clay has written his first letter, for this campaign, on the Presidential question. He denies that he has authorized anybody to declare him not to be a candidate, and avers his readiness to accept a nomination from the Whig Convention, which assembles at Baltimore, in June. We have numbered this letter, but we mean to enter into no pledge to keep tally.

Letter from Robert Douglass.—Our friends in Eastern Pennsylvania will be glad to see the letter in another column from Mr. Douglass, late of Philadelphia. It will interest our readers generally to know that Robert Douglass is an artist of skill and promise, who, in this country, was unable to gain a livelihood by his profession, though he added to it that of a Daguerreotypist; and has therefore emigrated to a country where, he hopes, the colours he uses, and the way he uses them, will be the test of his merit, rather than that upon his own body, which he neither put on nor can rub off.

We hope to receive some further communications from Mr. Douglass touching the condition of the labouring classes of Jamaica.

Father Mathew.—The great Irish apostle of Temperance writes to Thurlow Weed, of the Albany Evening Journal, that he is obliged to defer his visit to this country till the Autumn. An order from his superiors to repair to Rome makes this change in his plans necessary.

Hon. **Thomas Corwin** will accept our thanks for valuable Public Documents.

Congress.

We publish on the 1st page the Debate of the United States House of Representatives, on the Senate's Resolutions of sympathy with the French. It terminated on Friday last in a way eminently worthy of that Assembly, which probably can exhibit more unmitigated rowdyism than any other legislative body that was ever brought together. The vulgarity of the speech of Mr. Johnson—which we copy below from the Herald—is unsurpassed by anything that has preceded it on that floor:

Mr. Palfrey—I desire to occupy a single moment of the House, in making a personal explanation.

The *Speaker*—The gentleman asks leave to make a personal explanation. Is there any objection?

Mr. Palfrey—I have noticed, for the first time, in the *Union* of the 13th instant, the remarks which I made the day before. In the course of my remarks I was interrupted by the gentleman from Tennessee, (Mr. Johnson,) who asked me a question, to which I made a reply. I have merely to say, if the gentleman's question is correctly reported, that I did not understand it. I suppose that it is correctly reported, and on my way up to the Capitol, a gentleman from Virginia informed me that such is his impression. When I answered the question, I did not understand it, as reported in that paper; and in confirmation of my own statement, I refer gentlemen to the reply which I did make. All I have to repeat is this—when I made the reply, I did not understand the question. How I should have answered it if I had understood it, becomes immaterial. If the gentleman intended to wound my feelings, I freely forgive him. Whether his observations took a proper range is a question I am quite willing to leave to the gentleman's delicacy and honour.

Mr. Collamer arose, holding a bill in his hand.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, wished to say one word.

The *Speaker*—Does the Chair understand the gentleman to give way.

Mr. Collamer—Yes, Sir, for a moment.

The *Speaker*—The Chair understands the gentleman from Tennessee to ask permission to make a personal explanation.

Mr. Johnson—I do not know whether I understand the nature, scope, and extent, of the gentleman's remarks; but if I did understand him, I am prepared to make the proper response. As to asking the question with a view of wounding the feelings of the gentleman from Massachusetts, or making an unkind cut at him or any member of his family, I assure him that it was not my intention or purpose to do so. But I asked this question in connection with a particular remark of his. I understood, and I see it so reported, that the remark was this. He was going on to show and prove that the negro was becoming more and more elevated in character, and in proportion as he was elevated, he correspondingly became the equal of the white man; and he enumerated instances. He commissioned, when he was Secretary, "a man almost as black as his coat," as a lawyer, and he stated that a coloured man had been elected to the Legislature, but from modesty, he declined taking his seat in the deliberative assembly of Massachusetts; and in this connection, he read an extract from a letter, written by a gentleman in New Bedford, and he spoke, (making use of his own language) of an intellectual, interesting, and to crown all, "a charming negro boy;" yes, "a charming negro boy!" [laughter,] who had excelled many of the whites associated with him in a particular institution. However, it pleased an inscrutable Providence to call him hence. He said that if that negro—that intellectual, interesting, and "charming boy," lived, he would now be the rival of his son in the largest and most respectable and interesting institution of literature in the State; and that he was fit to be the companion and associate, not only of his son, but of that of the gentleman from South Carolina. And he further stated that, if his son had refused to treat this intellectual, interesting, and "charming boy" with due respect and esteem, he would have incurred his displeasure and ill will—leaving the impression upon my mind that the gentleman placed this intellectual, interesting, and "charming boy" on an equality with his son, and that he would have been the rival of his son, and perhaps his superior in literary attainments. I understood him to say that it was the duty of every man who considers himself to be a gentleman to treat all with respect, whatever may be their complexion or the colour of their skin. I believed that the gentleman thought what he said as to the excellence of the negro and the superiority of his intellect. He made him an associate of his son, introduced his family here, and said that if a member of his family had not treated with respect this charming, interesting negro boy, it would have incurred his displeasure. Incurred his displeasure! (Laughter.) Well, then, the question I asked I conceived to be a proper one, and I did not design to make an unkind cut at him or any member of his family. I wanted to test the sincerity of the gentleman's theory—to see how his professions squared with his practice. I therefore asked him, when he made the negro not only the equal, but the superior of his son, whether he was willing, (nothing was said about the conventional rights or the usages of the society,) provided it met the approbation and suited the taste of a member of his family near and dear to him, to wit: his daughter—whether he was willing to give his consent, and make this interesting, intellectual and "charming boy" her companion in wedlock. I asked this, not with a view to wound his feelings, but to test the sincerity of his profession.

Mr. Palfrey—I have to say again, when I made the reply I did not understand the question; and now that I do, an answer readily rises to my lips—that I suppress what I said in response.

Mr. Johnson—One more remark.

Mr. Rockwell—I object.

Mr. Johnson—I only yielded the floor for a reply from the gentleman. I was going on to say that after the gentleman demonstrated that this intellectual, interesting, charming boy, was the equal of his son and his companion, it seemed to me that he could not, but by a latitudinous interpretation, construe my remark into an attack upon his family. If the negro was a fit companion for his son, that gentleman ought not to have considered it an unkind thing for me to ask the question.

Mr. Conger—I rise to a question of order. I inquire of the Chair, if there is not a rule which limits a personal explanation to eight or ten minutes.

Mr. Johnson—The rule says that a member may speak an hour.

The *Speaker*—The Chair has inquired whether such a rule was adopted. He understood that a motion to that effect was made, and that it was referred to the committee on the rules of order. The committee, however, have not reported, and therefore no such rule exists.

Mr. Johnson—Only one more remark. I want to say in conclusion, when I asked the question I was well satisfied as to the answer. I knew the gentleman's high sense of honour and his acuteness of observation, and that such a family alliance would be as offensive to him as to anybody. I did not intend an insult. I knew that his respect for his family, his sense of honour, and high attained feelings, forbade a reduction of his theory to practice.

Foreign Correspondence.

Letter from Jamaica.

Kingston, Jamaica, Feb. 29th, 1848.

Friend Gay:—We arrived here safely after a very tolerable voyage. I was much impressed with the beauty, as seen at a distance, of the high mountains of this island, their greatest elevation being, I am told, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. One in particular, resembled a giant reposing, his profile distinctly visible against the soft light of the evening sky, the mist surrounding his capacious brow, giving the idea of a proper fitting night cap. On landing, we found the city of Kingston exceedingly hot and dusty, and the walking scarcely endurable. The great numbers of the lower order running to and fro, almost all black, formed a striking feature. Most of them were chaunting some air or ditty, which, upon listening to, I discovered to be a hymn. I was impressed with their devotion, and inclined to believe that a population so fond of sacred music, must certainly be a very honest *one*. We must have had dealings with the exceptions, however, for we found some of them great rogues. The next thing which made a deep impression upon us was the exorbitant charges made for everything,—board, lodging, and the products of commerce. Alcohol, which I make use of in my business, and which I have purchased at home for 60 cents the gallon, costs me here $1 the pint,—and all other articles are in porportion. There are many Daguerreotypists here, principally American. Some succeed,—others do not.

One cannot walk the streets without meeting groups of the unfortunate Coolies who have been so deluded by this Government, and so disappointed in their expectations. They are quite black, with regular features, slender figures, hair exceedingly black and straight; the men mostly wearing a moustache upon the upper lip, and turban upon the head, which with their entire picturesque costume, make them objects of interest to strangers.—Notwithstanding the failure of the scheme for cultivating the lands by their employment, there are many who clamour for the importation of African labourers to till the earth; but it is the opinion of men who know something of the country, that if the native labourers were paid just wages the planters would have no reason to complain.

Hard times is the universal cry here, and there are not many amusements. A company of amateur actors give occasional representations in the theatre, but I am told they are not much patronized. There have been a series of religious meetings lately held in this city, which have been very numerously attended—and a large portion of the people seem devoutly inclined. Parties are frequent and generally pass off with much enjoyment. Music is a favourite study, and many of the ladies and gentlemen sing well, and play upon some instrument—the guitar, flute, or piano forte. I have been to several such entertainments, which were concluded by hymns and a prayer. The lower classes are fond of amusing themselves by the beating of drums. A few days previous to the election for Mayor, which took place a short time since, parties perambulated the streets with their drums, singing and dancing, keeping up such a perfect discord that it was exceedingly difficult to get any sleep. One of the candidates was white, and the other coloured, and I have been told that more allusion was made to the complexion by the friends of the different parties than on any previous occasion.

I was much amused by an orator in favour of the white candidate, who displayed his talent at the corner of the street just under my window. He was quite black, and attended by two black companions, all three wearing badges of blue paper, the orators of the coloured candidate being arrayed in yellow badges.

"I tell you what, my friends," said the orator, "I gwoine to vote for dis buckra, caso he do plenty good for de poor blackee." (Hear! hear! shouted the attendants.) "Him have great lub for we, and if he be agin de mare, dat bring plenty good time for we." He continued speaking for half an hour, but as no one stopped to hear but his attendants, he took up his line of march, continuing his address as he proceeded. The white candidate was re-elected, it was said, because his friends had gone to most expense in the bribing of voters.

I have had a pleasant excursion since my residence here, to Port Royal. A large party of us left Kingston in the evening, in two boats; one of them belonging to the missionary schooner "Dove," and commanded by her Captain. We took the passage called the "Ponds," which abounds with little islands, with a bright moon to guide us—such a moon as is only to be found in the tropics. The scenery was novel and interesting, and the water so beautifully transparent, that we could distinctly see every object at the bottom, and the fish swimming to and fro in pursuit of each other, or in search of food. In a narrow passage our boat was aground for a few moments, but our rowers, part of the "Dove's" crew, athletic Africans, with their faces ornamented, or disfigured, rather, with horizontal cicatrices, apparently produced with hot irons, jumped out and pushed the boat along until we again floated freely. We slept that night at Port Royal, in the Mission House.

The next morning, very early, we started for a large cave in the opposite mountain. We made fast our boats at the entrance of the cave, and having stationed the crew to keep away the sharks, or notify us of their approach, we took a splendid bath in the sea. We breakfasted afterwards within the cave. This is very properly considered a great natural curiosity. It is lighted up by an immense aperture at the top of the mountain, to which we clambered to a great height, and amused ourselves by rolling down large stones and pieces of rock. We remained here a considerable time, and then went to Green Bay, where we saw the tomb of Louis Caldy, who was swallowed up by the great earthquake, which destroyed Port Royal in 1692, and by another shock thrown out into the sea; he escaped by swimming, and lived many years afterwards to tell the story. Thence we went to Fort Augusta, an immense work to defend Kingston. We were amazed at the solidity of the fortifications, the size of the cannon, of the most improved construction, the quantity of shot and shell, and other implements of "horrid war." The intelligence of the black who showed and explained the works, his language, and the readiness with which he gave correct answers to questions appertaining to gunnery, and other matters connected with the use of the terrible engines we were contemplating, pleased, as well as surprised, our whole party, one of whom, a missionary, informed us that this man, so well informed, and a companion of his, were formerly great drunkards, but had now reformed and taken the pledge. We then sailed some miles up the Ferry river, a beautiful stream, with woody banks, peopled by innumerable squadrons of crabs, who watched our passage from the entrances to their habitations, but disappeared in a moment if we approached them. Some were of such gaudy colours that it required little imagination to liken them to those crabs in office—military crabs. They retreated so quickly that we could not get a shot at them.

Women were beating and washing clothes in many places which we passed, and I shall not soon forget the picturesque beauty of this charming river. We took a bath in its waters, and ate our bread and cheese, beef and oranges, with increased relish. On returning to Kingston we had no occasion for oars, but with a gentle breeze sailed back to the "Dove," where we took tea. The bell was rung for divine service, to which all hands were assembled. When the services were over, we made our way to our respective dwellings, well pleased with our jaunt.

I have a commission to take a number of views of missionary stations, which are to be engraved. I leave Kingston in a few days on this service, which will give me an opportunity of seeing more of the Island.

In conclusion, permit me to return thanks for your kindness in forwarding me several numbers of the National A.S. Standard. Always interesting, I find them peculiarly so in this foreign country, furnishing, as they do authentic information of the progress of the great cause. I hail their arrival with much pleasure, and peruse them with the greatest enjoyment.

I remain yours, truly,

ROBERT DOUGLASS, Jr.

Notes on New Books.

Wuthering Heights.—A Novel. By the Author of Jane Eyre. New York: Harper & Brothers: 1848.

The Messrs. Harpers have in press, and will publish next week, another novel, by the author of Jane Eyre. We have not read the whole of the work, but have been kindly permitted to look over some unbound sheets, from which we should be glad, had we room, to make a short extract, to gratify the appetite of many readers for a taste of a new work by this popular writer.

Next to the question of "what do you think of the French Revolution"? the most important, at least, the most common one now is, what "do you think of Jane Eyre"? and the readers of the book, however much they may differ in opinion as to its character,—and of all those who do not like it, we have met with only one man of good common sense—all are agreed in being curious to know its author. The latest story that has appeared in print declares Currer Bell to be a real name, and he to be one of three brothers, each of whom has written a novel—"Wuthering Heights" being one of them. But we do not believe it. A woman, we have no doubt, wrote Jane Eyre, and those who remember "Zoe," a novel, by Miss Jewsbury, published by the Harpers several years since, will find in it strong internal evidence that the two books are by the same hand. This conjecture may be proved to be as destitute of foundation as others that have been made, but some of the best novel-readers we know—one of whom put "Zoe" into our hands—assert it with considerable confidence. At anyrate, "Zoe" is worth reading, and we advise the Messrs. Harpers to put some numbers of it on the counters of the bookstores.

Littell's Living Age.—The Ether Discovery.—Somebody has been kind enough to send us No. 201 of Littell's Living Age, containing several long papers upon the vexed question of the Ether Discovery, from Richard H. Dana, Esq. of Boston, the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and Mr. W. T. G. Morton, himself, who claims to be the discoverer. Whatever may be the merits of this controversy, we express the opinion, we have no doubt, of a large portion of Mr. Littell's subscribers in saying that it is one with which he has no right to load his columns. It was an enterprising thing in Mr. Morton, and his counsel, Mr. Dana, to buy in a popular Magazine, for the purpose of making an *ex parte* statement on a question which the scientific world—that portion of it which lies outside the precincts of the Medical Faculty of Boston—has generally settled the other way; but the subscribers of that Magazine have a right to complain of such a substitution for the literary matter for which they paid $6 *per annum*. The discriminating reader who knows anything of this controversy, will not, we think, deem Dr. Charles T. Jackson's claim as the discoverer of the use of Ether to prevent pain, as in the slightest degree invalidated by this publication, while Mr. Littell will injure most essentially the circulation of his Magazine.

The Jubilee of the Constitution. A Discourse delivered at the request of the New York Historical Society, in the city of New York, on Tuesday, the 30th of April, 1839. By John Quincy Adams.

An excellent edition of this well-known Oration of Mr Adams, has been published by Berford & Co. 2. Astor House. It includes also a celebration of the Historical Society, held at the same time.

An Illustrated History of the Hat, from the earlier Ages to the Present time: by Genin. New York: 214 Broadway. 1848.

Mr. Genin is a most skillful and successful hatter, but he evidently thinks that heads can be put to other uses than to carry hats. He has no doubt that the first garment man made and wore was a hat, but his professional enthusiasm does not carry him to the point of asserting, that the head was made with special reference to such an invention. He sees a sort of providential relation between the head and its covering, but he would not have been confounded by the answer of a mate of a ship to a custom-house officer, in London, who, suspecting him of smuggling, cried out, "What have you got in your hat, Sir?" "A man's head, Sir!" replied the mate, and walked away from the bewildered officer, with not only a head, but a small invoice of segars, in his beaver. Mr. Genin would have remembered that as the hat was of man's invention, and not absolutely a natural growth of his head, something else might be carried in it.

The Illustrated History of the Hat is a very pleasant little book, and contains more information of the kinds of head-gear worn in different ages, than we should have supposed could be got together. The author deserves great credit for his patient research, and the attractive manner in which he has brought out his material. We do not think the hat of our day the perfection of head-covering, but we are much more reconciled to it than we ever were before, when we learn from Mr. Genin's work, how great an improvement it is upon that of the past, and how natural its growth has been, from its clumsy and cumbersome predecessors. We commend the book to all who are curious upon the subject, and assure our friends, who are about getting their Spring hats that they cannot find a better assortment of every possible kind, for men and boys, anywhere, than at Mr. Genin's establishment. He can fit and satisfy, all heads and tastes, whether the kind preferred be of Parisian or home manufacture.

To Correspondents.

R. R. of W. Two years due, it was meant, including the coming year.

A. F. W. Will find a package at 21 Cornhill.

E. D. H. Shall hear from us soon.

This Week's Paper.

Fourth Page.—*Miscellany:* Tamango; Woman; Hematinon of the Ancients; The Bigot; Obedience of the Dog; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

First Page.—*Selections:* Debate in the House of Representatives—Sympathy with France; Sketch of the Speech of Mr. Parker, at the Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in Boston.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

From New-Orleans Picayune. 9th.

Late and Important from Mexico.

The steamship Ohio, Captain Burns arrived at a late hour last evening from Vera Cruz, via Tampico, having left the former port on the 31st ultimo, and the latter on the 2d instant. She has brought over a large mail from each place.

The most interesting intelligence by this arrival touches the designs of Santa Anna. It there be faith in man, the ex-President designs leaving Mexico at once.—In the latter part of March one of his agents obtained a passport from the American commandant at Orizaba, and went down to Vera Cruz to charter a vessel for him, and we learn that he succeeded in securing a brig, which was at last accounts lying off Antiana, about twelve miles North of Vera Cruz. There Santa Anna proposes to embark, and thence sail for Jamaica. Col. Hughes, it is said had an interview with him at his hacienda of El Encero. The Colonel went out with two companies of dragoons to meet the General, at the request of the latter. We have no particulars of the interview. Santa Anna was hourly expected down to embark.

All civil authority has been turned over to the Mexicans in the cities of Mexico, Vera Cruz, and Tampico, pursuant to the provisions of the armistice.

The conviction had become stronger that the Mexican Congress would assemble before the 1st of March, and that they would ratify the treaty. On the 21st or 22d ultimo, seven Deputies or Senators left the city of Mexico for Queretaro to take their seats. Our information from Queretaro is direct, and it is most favourable to the cause of peace. It seems to be pretty well understood in the city of Mexico how far our Senate would modify the treaty, and there the opinion prevails that these modifications would not prevent its prompt ratification. The *American Star* of the 22d ultimo, without expressing any opinion as to the ratification, is confident a quorum would soon be had at Queretaro—that "the treaty will not be sooner there than the necessary number of members." The Deputies from Oaxaca left for Queretaro on the 6th ult.

General Scott designed to leave Mexico for the United States immediately upon the adjournment of the Court of Inquiry. This, it was thought, would take place as early as the 25th ultimo, and we learn that a guard had actually been detailed to escort General Scott to Vera Cruz. A gentleman with whom we have conversed is sanguine that the General is now upon the Gulf on his passage hither. It is certain that he was hourly expected at Vera Cruz, and that quarters had been prepared for him there.

Commodore Rudd and Purser Christian had joined the squadron. They were wrecked on their passage from San Francisco to Mazatlan in the brig Commodore Stockton, near Magdalena. The brig was a total wreck, and the passengers were only saved by the providential appearance of three whale boats, which were thirty miles from their ship in pursuit of a whale.

We copy from the *North American* of the 21st ultimo, the latest news from the Pacific.

Late and Important from the Pacific.—We have news from Lower California to the 22d of February, and from Mazatlan to the 1st March. The frigates Independence and Congress were at Mazatlan, a large portion of the crew of both vessels being on shore garrisoning that place, which has been held since November. The sailors have done a large amount of work in fortifying the place. The fortifications are now very strong, and Com. Shubrick thinks himself strong enough to resist a force of 5,000. Com. Jones, in the Ohio, had not arrived, but was daily expected. The Dale, commanded by Lieut. Yard, was at Guaymas. An expedition of her officers and men had lately marched into the interior and surprised the Mexican forces under Campusano and took most of his officers and command prisoners, who were paroled a few days after.

From Hayti.—The schooner Ceres, Captain Smith, arrived here yesterday from the port of Aux Cayes, whence she sailed on the 16th ult. We learn that for some weeks previous to the schooner's leaving, the inhabitants of Aux Cayes, amounting to between six and seven thousand, had been in constant alarm of an attack by the rabble in the country, whose object was the pillage of the city. It appears that the negroes in the country, with the ostensible purpose of getting the expulsion of the Commandant, who had rendered himself obnoxious to them, by siding with the property-owners, who are chiefly whites and mulattoes, marched, in armed array, to the very walls. All the stores were closed, and the inhabitants flew to arms. Happily the negroes were daunted by this display of resolution, and commenced no attack. The Governor, or Commandant, as he is called, was recalled to Port-au-Prince, the Capital, and the President went down to Aux Cayes, with a view to tranquilize the population. Mr. Quiner, the owner or the supercargo of the Ceres, from whom was obtained this information, represents things at Aux Cayes as still in a very unsettled state; a spark may cause a general insurrection. There were no men-of-war of any nation in the port. The white population had sent to Port-au-Prince to request the presence of an armed ship to protect them.—*New Orleans Commercial Times, April* 5.

General Items.

Mad Dogs—Several mad dogs have recently been killed in this city.

It is said that Louis Philippe has from ten to twenty millions of dollars invested in real estate in the city of New York.

The House of Representatives have purchased of Mr. King, the Boston sculptor, his bust of John Q. Adams—It is to be placed in the Speaker's room directly over the spot where the venerable old man breathed his last.

Cambridge.—Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, Connecticut, has been selected to deliver the valedictory sermon before the present senior class of the Divinity School at Cambridge.

Female Artists.—In New York several female artists are preparing to dispute with the other sex the province of wood engraving. Abroad there are many females employed as wood engravers, and perhaps the most extraordinary progress which this art has lately made in the fineness and precision of its execution may be, in a considerable degree, owing to them.

The Academy of Design begins to have its female pupils who attend regularly upon the instruction of the professors.—*W. Spy.*

Hydrophobia is said to be cured in Germany by the Cold Water remedy. The *douche* was applied to the head of the patient, who was entirely cured. The warm bath, wet sheet, *douche*, &c. are the usual method with the disease, and remarkable success is reported.

A Legend of Ireland.—The old rock of Cashel has fallen to the earth; it fell on the 7th instant, after weathering the storms since the Deluge. Great trouble has been occasioned by this event, especially as an alleged prophecy of St. Colombkille that the rock of Cashel would fall the same year that a revolution would break out in England, is spoken of by the mass of the poor people.

West India Slavery.—We plainly perceive the signs of a reaction, against which every honest and enlightened Englishman should steadily set his face. It may suit the temper and policy of Earl Grey, and other officials, to tamper with the liberty and social interests of our colonial peasantry; but a different spirit prevails throughout the nation. *Let the people once feel that there is serious danger, and no Ministry on earth will be able to resist their might. They have willed the destruction of Slavery—aye, and paid for it, too—and they will not be defrauded.* They are beginning to be suspicious; and unless our rulers are wise, the alarm-bell will speedily be sounded through the length and breadth of the land.—*London Anti-Slavery Rep.*

The Death of Baron d'Hauteville.—The Baron d'Hauteville, the father of the gentleman who married Miss Sears of Boston, whose law-suits respecting the custody of her child caused so much newspaper comment a few years since, recently died at his residence, Vevay, in Switzerland, at the age of 62. By his death Miss Sears would have been a Baroness, a very empty honour which she appears willing to renounce for the sake of living in the United States with her child and parents.

Manumission.—We learn from the Lynchburg Virginian, that Captain John Warwick, of Amherst county, who died a few days since manumitted by his will all his servants numbering between 70 and 80. He has made ample provision for their removal, outfit, and settlement in one of the Western States.

Tecumseh's Nephew.—The Toronto Church, has a letter from Rev. Richard Flood, Indian Missionary, describing the death, at the age of 72, of Captain James Snake, an Indian Chief, nephew of the renowned Tecumseh.

Washington's Library.—We learn from creditable authority, that the Washington Library has been recently purchased by Henry Stephens, Jr. Esq. of Vermont, who has for the last two or three years been rambling among the famous old libraries of Europe. The collection contains, we hear, about ten thousand volumes and pamphlets, nearly five hundred of which have the autographs of Washington on the title pages, and many others have the autographs and presentation notes of authors. We doubt not the collection is rich in the military and agricultural books which once belonged to the "Sage of Mount Vernon," and that there must also be in it very many tracts relating to the American Revolution, as well as to the ratification and adoption of the Federal Constitution.

We are not informed what disposition Mr. Stephens intends to make of these sacred relics of the Father of his country, but we are sure that no one knows better how to appreciate their value than himself. Understanding that he will not, on any condition, allow the library to be broken up and separated, we presume that be intends it for some European library—perhaps the British Museum, which he has enthusiastically aided in obtaining the most perfect collection of American history and literature in the world.—*Boston Atlas.*

Lawsuit between a Pastor and one of his Deacons.—The newspapers report a lawsuit at Northampton, the parties being Rev. George Waters *vs.* Deacon Increase Gilbert, on an action for slander, charging that Gilbert had represented that Waters had altered the Church records in relation to his salary, and made them read $500 instead of $150. After the examination of a great many witnesses, and a heated trial, the jury gave verdict against Waters. Mr. Waters was formerly pastor of the Baptist Church in Amherst, Massachusetts, and Mr. Gilbert was one of the deacons.

Vandalism.—The ancient dwelling house in Deerfield, now about one hundred and sixty years old, which was assailed but not destroyed by the French and Indians in 1704, and still bears the marks of their ferocity, is, it is said, about to be demolished by its present owner.

Rev. Caleb Stetson has resigned the pastoral charge of the First Congregational Society in Medford, Mass.

Lamartine.—In a letter to a friend dated March 1st, and published in the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, Lamartine says: "For seven days I have hardly had breathing time. I have passed three without ceasing to harangue and combat in the midst of 60 000 men, more agitated than the waves of the sea, but it was a sea of fire and of iron. God has protected me; now may he protect the Mother of ideas and great hearts—in France!"

The Black Laws of Ohio.—The repeal of these laws has failed in the Legislature of this State; and yet these laws are a disgrace to the statute-book of any civilized country. Partisan politicians, when candidates for office, and party meetings in their resolutions have denounced these laws; and yet when the time came to vote them out of the statutes, the motion signally failed. Such a moral wrong is well calculated to lead every good citizen who hates oppression, to seek a better form of political parties than either of the two leading parties which now are striving for the mastery.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Married,

On the 22d ult. at Sefton Church, near Liverpool, Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, of Seaforth Hall, to Miss Susan Cushman, lately from Boston, Mass.

Died.

In Providence. (R. I.) on the 2d instant, Mr. John R. Balch, in the 76th year of his age.

At the residence of his parents, in Harrison county, Ohio, on the morning of the 27th of March, Bryant McNeely, only child of Cyrus and Jane D. McNeely, in the fifth year of his age.

In New Bedford, (Mass.) on the 11th instant, Mr. Wm. V. Toleson, of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, aged 66 years.

In Hingham, (Mass.) Deacon William Cushing, aged 94 years.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from March 13, to April 2, 1848.

460	Merritt Tyler, Dean's Corners, N Y	$1 00
460	John Wilbur, 2d, North Easton, N Y	1 00
460	Jonathan Buel, "	1 00
460	Elnathan Thomas, Galesville, N Y	1 00
460	Thomas Wilbur, "	1 00
460	C. D. Jones, "	1 00
471	W. A. Scott, Leicester, Mass	1 00
412	John A. Russell, "	50
454	Thomas Ferrau, Seneca Falls, N Y	1 00
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452	H. W. Seymour, "	1 00
403	Thomas Jones, "	50
446	Chauncy Morse, Canterbury, Ct	1 00
446	S. R. Allard, Chester Factories, Mass	1 00
396	Rev. C. Stetson, Medford, Mass	1 00
413	Rev. H. F. Edes, Jamaica Plain, Mass	1 00
433	Nelson C. Curtis, Plympton, Mass	1 00
410	Richard Thayer, Bridgewater, Mass	50
440	L. Turner, Bridgewater, N Y	1 00
451	Hunter & Watson, Poland, Ohio,	1 00
432	E. Conant, East Bridgewater, Mass	1 00
447	W. Dickenson, Chagrin Falls, Ohio,	1 00
410	Lucy Stone, Brookfield, Mass	1 00
454	A. D. Wright, Denmark, N Y	1 00
453	John Braithwaite, Rochester, N Y	1 00
469	James Slayton, South Woodstock, Vt	1 00
453	S. A. Green, West Winfield, N Y	1 00
491	L. G. Thomas, "	1 00
410	A. Thomas, West Exeter, N Y	31
452	R. Livingston, Gloversville, N Y	1 00
477	Wm. Farwell, Waltham, Mass.	1 00
416	A. Mott, Albany, N Y	1 00
460	George Dunnell, Bath, Me	1 00
		—560 25
	Total,	$590 25

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treas.

☞ Notice.—By the post-office law now in force, publishers of newspapers are permitted to send, in their papers to subscribers, bills *unreceipted*; but a *receipted* bill subjects the receiver to letter postage. Our subscribers, therefore, will find a bill, unreceipted of course, in their papers at the expiration of the time to which they have paid. The amount received for subscription is acknowledged above, and the *whole number* of the paper to which each subscriber has paid precedes his name.

NOTICES.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual, meeting of the Windham County, Anti Slavery Society, will be held at Brooklyn, on Fast day, April 21, 1848, commencing at 10½ A. M. and continuing through the day.

All are invited to attend and participate in the deliberations.

JAMES B. WHITCOMB, Pres.

Lucian Burleigh, Sec.

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Refined Loaf, Crushed and Pulverized Sugar.
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Letter to the People of the United States, touching the Matter of Slavery. By Theodore Parker.—pp. 120. Price, 18 3-4 cents.

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NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.	
Duty, 20 per ct ad val. per 100lbs	
Pots, 1st sort 1848 7	5.93 a —.8
Pearl	8.87 a 8.50
BEESWAX.	
Duty: 20 per cent. ad val.	
Cuba, white per lb	—.— a —.—
American, yellow,	—.23 a —.24
BRISTLES.	
Duty, 5 per cent ad val.	
St.Pet'sbg, 1st sort lb.	.90 a 1.12½
do. 2d sort	.35 a .48
Okotka, gray&white	1.90 a 1.95
Souchoy	60 a .88
American	28 a .60
COAL.	
Duty, 30 per cent. ad val.	
Liverpool, Orrel.chal	8.50 a 9.
Newcastle, coarse	95.8 a 7.50
Scotch	96.9 a 00.8
Sidney and Pictou	8.00 a 8.25
Anthracite, 2,000lbs	5.50 a 8.00
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 3-4 yd	5 a 5½
do. do. 7-8	— a —
do. bleached	8 a —
do. B. I. do.	7 a 9
Sheetings, brown 4-4	8 a 8
do. do. 8-4	10 a 12
do. bleached 4-4	7½ a 10
do. do. 5-4	12 a 15
Calicoes, blue	8 a 10
do. fancy	6 a 12
Plaids	8 a 11
Kentucky jeans,	18 a 30
Satinetts	25 a 60
Checks 4-4	8 a 10
Cotton Osna. 8. No. 1	— a 9
do. No. 2	— a 8
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	15 a 17
do. 14 a 18	17 a 18
do. 20 a 23	19 a
FLOUR & MEAL.	
Duty, 20 per cent ad val.	
Genesee per bbl.	5 87½ a 09.9
Troy	5 12½ a 5.25
Michigan	6.12½ a ——
Ohio, new	6.12½ a 6.25
Ohio round hoop	—.— a —.—
Ohio, via, Canal	—.— a —.—
Pennsylvania	6.00 a 6.12½
Brandywine	9L.8 a 8.50
Georgetown	8.— a 6.12½
Baltimore c. mills	6.— a 8¼
Richmond c. mills	—.— a —.—
do. country	6 37½ a 6.50
Alexandria	6.— a 6.—
Fredericksburg	6.— a 6.—
Petersburg	6.— a 6.25
Rye flour	4.00 a 4.12
Cornmeal, Jersey	2.26 a 2.62
do. hhd.	14.50 a —.—
FISH	
Duty, 20 per cent ad val.	
Dry cod, cwt.	2.50 a 2.78
Dry scale	2.00 a 2.25
Pickled cod, bbl.	3.50 a 3.62
do. salmon, tce	20.00 a 21.00
Smoked do. lb	— a —
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	6.00 a 8.12½
do. No. 1 small	[illegible]
do. No. 2	6.8L a 6.00
do. do. North	[illegible]
do. No. 2 South	5.12½ a 5.25
do. do. North	4.87½ a 5.00
Shad, N 1 Ct.hf.bbl.	7.00 a 7.00
do. No. 3	6.00 a —.—
Bucksp't. bbl.	7.25 a —.—
Mass. do.	—.— a —.—
Southern	—.— a —.—
Herring, pickled	3.25 a 3.50
do. scale, per box,	55 a 64
do. No. 1	40 a 45
do. No. 2	32 a 33
GRAIN.	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Wheat, white bush	1.36 a 1.33
do Western	1.18 a 1.25
do. Southern	1 20 a 1.25
Rye northern	.88 a .90
Corn north'n & Jer	72 a .75
do south'n (weight)	73 a .—
do N O & West'n	— a ——
Barley, Western,	78 a .85
Oats, northern	47 a .49
do. southern	— a .—
do. New-Jersey	42 a 43
Peas, white	1.50 a 1.56
Black eyed 2 bush.	2.00 a 2.12½

FLAX	
Duty: 15 per cent. ad val.	
Russia per lb.	a —
American	8½ a 9
FEATHERS	
Duty: 25 per cent. ad val.	
Foreign per lb.	31 a [illegible]
Foreign A. A.	[illegible] a —
Live, American	33 a 35
HAY—Per 100 lbs.	
North River in bales	31 a 55
HOPS	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
First sort 1846, lb.	5½ a 7
LEATHER. [Sole]	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Oak per lb.	20 a 23
Oak Ohio,	20 a 22
Hemlock, light	14 a 15½
do. middle	14 a 15½
do. heavy	13 a 14½
do. damaged	14 a 15
do. poor do.	7 a 10
LIME	
Thomaston per bbl	.75 a .80
LUMBER	
Duty: Timber and firewood, 20 boards, timber, &c. shaped for use, 30; do rough, 20 per ct ad val. Yard selling prices	
Timber w. pine pr.c.ft.	18 a 25
do. east'n scant or beams prM. ft.	16.25 a 16.50
do oak, cu. ft.	.25 a .3
do. Gr. Isl.W.O.	—28 a
do. O.scnt.pr.M.ft.	30.00 a —
do. Ga.yel.pine (by cargo) per cub. ft.	—24 a
Plank Ga. yel. pine pr M foot	27.50 a —
Boards N.R.M.ft.cl.	35.00 a 40.00
do. 2d ql.	25.00 a 27.50
do. Box	14.00 a 14.50
Albany, piece	12 a .21
Plank Alb. pine	12 a .21
Laths E. by car.	2.50 a 3.00
Shingles bb. 18 in.	1.75 a 2 25
do. Ced.3ft.1stql.	26.00 a —.30
do. do. 2d ql.	24.— a 28.—
do. 2ft.1st ql.	18.— a 22.—
do. do.2dql.	16.— a 20.—
do. Cyprus 2d ql.	18.— a [illegible]
Heading W.O.pr.M.	48.— a 50.—
Staves W. O. pipe	60.— a —.—
do. do. hhd.	40.— a —.—
do. do. bbl.	30.— a —.—
do. R. O. hhd.	20.— a 30.—
PROVISIONS.	
Duty: Cheese 30; all other 20 per cent. ad val.	
Beef, mess per bbl.	8.25 a 8.75
do. prime	5.25 a 6.00
Pork, mess, Ohio	9.— a 9.25
do. prime new	10. a 10.12
Lard	7½ a —. 8
Hams, smoked	8½ a —. 8½
Shoulders, smoked	9 a —. 7½
Beef do.	6 a —.—
Butter, Orange co.	18½ a —.21
do. West'n dairy	14 a —.16
do. common	— a —
Cheese	6 a —. 7
SEEDS.	
Duty: flaxseed, clover, and timothy, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Clover, per lb.	—. 7 a —.7½
Timothy, 7 seas.	14.— a 18.—
Flax, rough	1.— a 1.—
do. clean	—.— a —.—
TALLOW.	
Duty: tallow, grease, & soap stuff 10 per cent. ad val.	
Rendered	9 a 9½
WOOL.	
Duty, 30 per cent. ad val.	
Am. Sax'ny. fleece lb.	42 a 4
Am. full blood Merino	36 a 40
Am. ½ & ¾ Merino	33 a 36
Am. native & ¼ do.	20 a 30
Superfine, pulled, ctry.	33 a 35
do. do city	27 a 28
No. 1, pulled, country,	33 a 35
do. city	25 a 27
South Am. washed	18 a 21
do. do. & picked	16 a 18
do. unwashed	8 a 8
Africa	6 a 12
Smyrna	10 a 18
Mexican	7 a 8

Miscellany.

TAMANGO.

Translated for the Standard, from the French of Prosper Mérimée.

Captain Ledoux was a good seaman. He begun life as a common sailor, then he became quartermaster. At the battle of Trafalgar he had his left hand shattered by a splinter of wood; it was amputated, and he was dismissed afterwards with good certificates. Rest was not agreeable to him, and an opportunity soon presenting itself, he served as second Lieutenant on board a privateer. The prize-money which he drew enabled him to buy books, in which he studied the theory of navigation, the practice he already understood perfectly. In time be became Captain of a privateer lugger, of three guns, with a crew of sixty men; and the coasters of Jersey still remember his exploits. Peace ruined him: he had amassed a little fortune during the war, and hoped to augment it at the expense of the English. He was obliged to offer his services to the peaceful merchants, and as be was known for a man of resolution and experience, he easily obtained a ship. When the trade in negroes was prohibited, and when, in order to pursue it it was necessary not only to deceive the vigilance of the French Custom House officers, which was not very difficult, but also, which was more dangerous, to escape from the English cruisers, Captain Ledoux became a valuable man to the *traffickers in ebony wood.**

Unlike most sailors who have languished long in subaltern posts, he had not that profound horror of innovations, nor that spirit of routine, which they too often carry into superior ranks. Captain Ledoux, on the contrary, had been the first to recommend to his ship-owner the use of iron casks, intended to contain and preserve water. On board his ship the manacles and chains with which negro vessels are always provided, were made after a new fashion, and carefully varnished to preserve them from rust. But what did him most honour among the slave-traders, was the building, which he directed himself, of a brig destined for the trade, a fine sailer, narrow, long like a ship of war, and capable of containing a very great number of blacks. He named it the Hope. He ordered that the between-decks, narrow and confined, should be only three feet and four inches high, alleging that these dimensions would permit slaves of a reasonable stature to be comfortably seated; and what need had they to rise? "When they get to the Colonies," said Ledoux, "they will be only too much on their feet!" The negroes, with their backs leaning against the planks of the ship, and seated in two parallel lines, left between their feet an empty space, which in all other negro vessels served only for air. Ledoux placed in this space other negroes, sitting at right angles with the first. In this way, his vessel contained ten negroes more than any other from the same port. Strictly speaking, it was possible to crowd in more; but one must be humane, and give a negro a place at least five feet long, and two wide, to be merry in, during a passage of six weeks, or longer; "for, after all," said Ledoux to his owner, in order to justify this liberal measure, "the negroes, after all, are men like the whites."

The Hope sailed from Nantes on Friday, as superstitious people afterwards remarked. The inspectors who scrupulously visited the brig, did not discover that the six great iron casks were filled with chains, manacles, and a sort of irons which are called, I know not why, *bars of justice*. Neither were they astonished at the enormous provision of water which the Hope carried, when, according to her papers, she was going only to Senegal, to trade in wood and ivory. The passage is not long, it is true, but yet too many precautions can do no harm. If one were surprised by a calm, what would become of one without water?

The Hope sailed then on Friday, well rigged and manned. Ledoux would, perhaps, have wished the masts rather stouter; but while he commanded the ship, he did not complain. The passage to the coast of Africa was short and pleasant. He anchored in the river Joale, (I believe,) at a time when the English cruisers were not watching that part of the coast. The courtiers of the country came immediately on board. No time could have been more favourable; Tamango, a famous warrior and trader in men, had just brought a great quantity of slaves to the coast, and good bargains were to be expected from a man who had the power and the means of supplying himself again with ease, as soon as his present stock should be disposed of.

Captain Ledoux went on shore, and made his visit to Tamango. He found him in a hut of straw, which had been hastily built for him, accompanied by his two wives and some under-merchants and slave-drivers. Tamango was decked out to receive the white Captain. He was dressed in an old, blue, regimental coat, having still on it the galloon of a corporal; but from each shoulder hung two gilded epaulettes, fastened to the same button, which swung, one before and the other behind. As he wore no shirt, and as the coat was rather short for a man of his height, one could see between the white lining of the coat and his drawers of Guinea cloth, a wide stripe of black skin, which looked like a broad belt. A large cavalry sword was suspended from his side, by a cord, and he held in his hand a double-barrelled gun of English workmanship. Thus equipped, the African warrior firmly believed that he surpassed in elegance the most accomplished *petit-maitre* of Paris or London.

Captain Ledoux looked at him some time in silence, while Tamango, straightening himself like a grenadier who passes in review before a strange general, enjoyed the impression which he thought he had made on the white Captain. Ledoux, after having examined him with the eye of a connoisseur, turned toward his mate and said: "There is a jolly fellow whom I could sell for at least a thousand crowns, if I could bring him safe and without damage to Martinique."

They seated themselves, and a sailor who knew a little of the Wolofe language acted as interpreter. The first compliments exchanged, a ship boy brought in a tray filled with bottles of brandy; they drank, and the Captain, to put Tamango in a good humour, made him a present of a pretty copper powder horn, ornamented with a portrait of Napoleon in relief. The present accepted, with suitable gratitude, they went out of the hut and seated themselves in the shade, with the bottles of brandy between them, and Tamango gave the signal that the slaves should be brought.

They appeared in a long file, their bodies bent by fatigue and fear; each having round his neck a fork more than six feet long, the two points of which were united by a wooden bar. When they were to move forward, one of the drivers took on his shoulder the handle of the first slave's fork; he charged himself with the fork of the man that followed him; the second carried the fork of the third slave, and so on throughout the file. When they were to halt, the leader of the file, thrust into the ground the pointed end of the handle of his fork; and the column stopped. One can easily see that there was very little chance of escape for creatures who carried on their necks yokes, more than six feet long.

The Captain shrugged his shoulders at each slave, male or female, who passed before him, found the men sickly, the women too old or too young, and complained of the degeneracy of the black race. "They have all degenerated," said he; "it used to be different. The women were five feet six inches in height, and four men could have turned the capstan of a frigate, to raise the bower anchor."

During this criticism, he chose for his first lot the strongest and healthiest blacks. For these be offered to pay the ordinary price; but for the rest he insisted upon a great deduction. Tamango on his side, defended his interests, praised his merchandise, spoke of the scarcity of men and the danger of the traffic. He concluded by asking a certain price, I know not what, for the slaves that the white Captain wished to buy.

As soon as the interpreter had translated into French Tamango's proposition, Ledoux threw himself backwards with surprise and indignation; then, muttering a frightful oath, he rose as if to break off all treaty with so unreasonable a man. Tamango held him, and with some difficulty prevailed on him to sit down. A fresh bottle was opened and the discussion was recommenced. It was now the turn of the black to find the proposals of the white foolish and extravagant. They shouted, they disputed, they drank prodigious quantities of brandy; but the brandy produced very different effects upon the two contracting parties. The more the Frenchman drank, the more he reduced his offers; the more the African drank, the more he relinquished to the encroachments of the other. Coarse cotton cloth, some powder, flints, three barrels of brandy and fifty badly-made muskets, were given in exchange for a hundred and sixty slaves. The Captain, to ratify the treaty, struck hands with the half drunken black, and the slaves were delivered to the French sailors, who busied themselves in taking off the wooden forks, to put in their places hand-cuffs and fetters of iron; a proof of the superiority of European civilization.

There still remained thirty slaves; either children, old men, or infirm women. The ship was full.

Tamango, who knew not what to do with this refuse, offered to sell them for a bottle of brandy a-piece. The offer was a tempting one. Ledoux remembered that at the representations of the *Vêpres Siciliennes* at Nantes, he had seen a great many large, fat men, crowd into the pit, and even find seats in virtue of the compressibility of the human body. He took twenty of the slenderest of the remaining slaves.

Then Tamango asked only a glass of brandy for each of the remaining ten. Ledoux reflected that children pay for and occupy only half a seat in public conveyances. He took then three children, but he declared that he would not encumber himself with another black. Tamango, seeing that seven slaves remained on his hands, seized his musket and took aim at a woman who was nearest to him; it was the mother of the three children.—"Buy," said he to the white, "or I will kill her; a glass of brandy, or I fire." "What the devil do you wish me to do?" replied Ledoux. Tamango fired, and the slave fell dead on the ground. "Come, another," cried Tamango, seeing a weak old man, "a glass of brandy or ——" One of his wives caught his arm, and the shot flew off at hazard. She had recognized, in the old man whom her husband would have killed, a *guiriot*, or magician, who had predicted that she would one day be a queen.

Tamango, whom brandy had rendered furious, was transported with passion when he saw his will opposed. He struck his wife rudely with the butt of his musket; then turning toward Ledoux: "Hold," said he, "I will give you this woman." She was pretty. Ledoux looked at her with a smile, then taking her by the hand: "I shall know very well where to put her," said he.

The interpreter was a humane man. He gave Tamango a paper snuff-box, in exchange for the six remaining slaves. Their forks were delivered to him, and he gave them their liberty. They fled, some one way, some another, almost despairing of ever returning to their own country, which was two hundred leagues from the coast.

Meanwhile, the Captain bad adieu to Tamango, and employed himself in hastening the embarkation of his cargo. It was not prudent to remain longer in the river, the cruisers might re-appear, he wished, therefore, to sail the next day. As for Tamango, he threw himself on the grass, in the shade, in order to sleep himself sober.

When he awoke, the vessel was already under sail, and rapidly descending the river. Tamango, his head still confused by the debauch of the preceding evening, asked for his wife Ayché. They replied that she had had the misfortune to displease him, and that he had given her to the white Captain, who had carried her on board his vessel. At this news Tamango was stupefied, he beat his head in despair, then seized his musket, and, as the river made several detours before it discharged itself into the sea, he ran by the most direct road, to a little creek, only half a league from its mouth. He hoped to find a canoe, which would enable him to join the brig, whose progress would be retarded by the windings of the river. He was not mistaken, he had time to throw himself into a canoe and join the slaver.

Ledoux was surprised to see him, but still more surprised to hear him demand his wife. "Given in good faith, you can't recall her," replied he, and turned his back upon him. The black insisted, offering to give back half the goods he had received in exchange for the slaves. The Captain burst into a laugh, said that Ayché was a very pretty woman, and that he wished to keep her. Poor Tamango shed a torrent of tears, and uttered cries of sorrow, as sharp as those of a wretch who submits to a surgical operation. At one time he rolled on the deck, calling upon his dear Ayché; then he dashed his head against the planks as if to kill himself. Always immovable, the Captain pointed to the bank, making a sign that it was time for him to go; but Tamango persisted. He offered even his golden epaulettes, his musket, and his sabre. All was useless.

During this debate, the Lieutenant of the Hope said to the Captain: "Three of the slaves died last night; we have their places. Why should we not take this stout rogue, who is worth more alone than the other three?" Ledoux reflected that Tamango would sell readily for a thousand crowns; that this voyage, which promised to be a very profitable one, would probably be his last, and that when his fortune was made, and the slave trade abandoned, it would be of little consequence, whether he left on the coast of Guinea a good or a bad reputation.—Besides, the banks were deserted, and the African warrior entirely at his mercy. But it was necessary first to secure his arms, for it would have been dangerous to lay hands upon him while he had them still in his possession. Ledoux accordingly asked for his musket, as if to examine it, and ascertain whether it were worth as much as the beautiful Ayché. In playing with the lock, he took care to let the powder of the priming fall. The Lieutenant took the sabre, and at the moment Tamango found himself thus disarmed, two stout sailors threw themselves upon him, and bore him to the deck. The resistance of the black was heroic. Recovering from his first surprise, in spite of the disadvantage of his position, he struggled long against the two sailors.—Thanks to his prodigious strength, he at last gained his feet. With one blow he disabled the man who held his collar; he left a fragment of his coat in the hands of the other, and threw himself, like a tiger, upon the Lieutenant, in order to recover his sabre. The Lieutenant dealt him a blow on the head, which made a large, but not very deep wound. Tamango fell a second time. He was immediately overpowered and bound hand and foot. He defended himself, uttered cries of rage, and struggled like a wild boar taken in the toils: but when he saw that all resistance was useless, he shut his eyes and became completely motionless. His deep and hurried breathing alone proved that he still lived.

"Parbleu!" cried Captain Ledoux, "the blacks whom he has sold to us, will laugh heartily at seeing him a slave in his turn. They will know from this, that there is a Providence." Meanwhile poor Tamango was losing blood rapidly. The charitable interpreter who, the evening before, had saved the lives of six slaves, approached him, bound up his wound, and addressed a few words of consolation to him. What he could say, I know not! The black remained immovable as a corpse. Two sailors carried him like a bundle, and placed him between-decks, to the place which had been prepared for him. For two days he neither eat nor drank; he was hardly seen to open his eyes. His companions in captivity, formerly his prisoners, saw him appear among them with stupid astonishment. Such was the fear with which he still inspired them, that not one dared to insult the misery of him who had caused their own.

Favoured by a land breeze, the vessel soon left the coast of Africa far behind her. All anxiety being over with regard to the British cruisers, the Captain thought only of the enormous profits which awaited him in the Colonies towards which he was bound. His *ebony wood* was still undamaged. No contagious maladies. A dozen of the feeblest negroes had died with the heat, but that was a trifle. That his human cargo might suffer as little as possible from the fatigue of the passage, he had ordered them to be taken on deck every day. By turns these wretches were allowed an hour to provide themselves with air for a whole day. They were watched by half the crew, armed to the teeth, for fear of insurrection, and besides this their irons were never entirely taken off. Sometimes a sailor who could play on the violin regaled them with a concert. It was curious, then, to see all these black faces lose by degrees their expression of stupid despair, burst into a loud laugh, and clap their hands when their chains permitted them. Exercise is necessary to health; it was one of the salutary customs of Captain Ledoux, the slaves were therefore made to dance, as horses are made to prance and curvet on a long passage. "Come, my children, dance, amuse yourselves," said the Captain in a voice of thunder, cracking an enormous whip, and immediately the poor blacks began to dance and leap.

For some time Tamango's wound kept him under hatches. He appeared at last on deck; at first, raising his head proudly amidst the crowd of trembling slaves, he threw a sad, but calm glance over the immense extent of water which surrounded the vessel, then he lay down, or rather let himself fall on the planks of the deck, without even taking care to arrange his irons so that they would be least uncomfortable. Ledoux, seated on the quarter-deck, tranquilly smoked his pipe. Near him was Ayché, without irons, dressed in an elegant blue muslin gown, pretty morocco slippers, and carrying in her hand a tray covered with liquors, which she held until he was ready to drink. It was evident that she filled a high station near the Captain. A black who hated Tamango, made a sign to him to look that way. Tamango turned his head, saw all, and rushed impetuously toward the quarter-deck, before the sailors on guard were able to prevent such a tremendous infraction of naval discipline: "Ayché!" cried he, in a voice of thunder, and Ayché uttered a shriek of terror; "thinkest thou that in the country of the whites there is no MAMA-JUMBO?" The sailors ran with their whips raised; but Tamango, with his arms crossed and apparently unmoved, returned quietly to his place, while Ayché drowned in tears, seemed petrified by these mysterious words.

The Captain went down into his cabin, called Ayché, and tried to console her: but neither his caresses nor his blows, for one loses patience at last, could make the beautiful negress tractable. The Captain went on deck in a bad humour, and quarrelled with the officer of the watch about a manœuvre which he had himself commanded a few moments before.

That night when almost all the crew were asleep, the watch heard first a slow, solemn, mournful chaunt, which came from between-decks, then the sharp cry of a woman. Instantly after, the hoarse voice of Ledoux, swearing and threatening, and the noise of his terrible whip, resounded through the vessel. The next day Tamango appeared on deck with his body frightfully mangled, but with an air as proud, as resolved as ever.

Hardly had Ayché perceived him, when, quitting the quarter deck where she was seated beside the Captain, she ran rapidly towards Tamango, and kneeling before him, said in a tone of the most concentrated despair: "Pardon me, Tamango, pardon me!" Tamango looked at her steadily for a moment; then observing that the interpreter was at some distance: "A file!" said he: and lay down on the deck, turning his back upon Ayché. The Captain scolded her sharply, even gave her a blow, and forbade her speaking to her ex-husband; but he was far from suspecting the meaning of the few words they had exchanged, and asked no questions on the subject.

Meanwhile Tamango, confined with the other slaves, exhorted them day and night to make one generous effort to recover their liberty. He spoke to them of the small number of the whites, and made them remark the increasing negligence of their keepers; then, without explaining himself clearly, he told them that he knew how to carry them back to their own country, boasted of his learning in the occult sciences, in which the blacks are devout believers, and threatened with the vengeance of the Devil all who refused to help him in his enterprise. In these harangues he used only the language of the Peules, which most of the slaves understood, but of which the interpreter was ignorant. The reputation of the orator, and their own habit of fear and obedience, came marvellously to the aid of his eloquence, and the blacks pressed him to fix a day for their deliverance before he was himself prepared. He replied vaguely to the conspirators that the time was not yet come, and that the Devil who appeared to him in dreams, had not yet made known the exact hour, but they must hold themselves ready for the first signal. Meanwhile he neglected no occasion to make experiments upon the vigilance of the keepers. Once a sailor left his musket leaning against the gunwale, while he amused himself with watching a shoal of flying fish which followed the vessel; Tamango took the musket and imitated in a grotesque manner the motions he had seen the sailors make in going through the exercise. The musket was taken from him in a few moments, but he had learned that he could touch a weapon without immediately awakening suspicion; and when the time came to use it, he would be a bold man who should try to take it from him.

One day Ayché threw him a biscuit, making a sign which he alone understood. The biscuit contained a small file: it was the instrument on which the success of the plot depended. At first Tamango took care not to show the file to his companions; but when night had come, he began to murmur unintelligible words, accompanied by fantastic motions and gestures. By degrees he grew animated and even uttered cries. From various intonations of his voice, one would have said that he was engaged in an animated conversation with some invisible person. All the slaves trembled and doubted not that the Devil was at that moment among them. Tamango put an end to the scene by a shout of joy. "Comrades, cried he, the spirit whom I have conjured, has granted what he promised me, and I hold in my hand the instrument of our deliverance. Now, a little courage only is necessary to make you free." He made his neighbours touch the file, and this trick, simple as it was, found credence among men as simple.

(*To be continued.*)

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* A name which the slave-traders gave themselves.

From the Examiner.

WOMAN.

We published not long since, an article headed, "Advice to Wives." We have repented thereof long ago. Catch us doing the like again! Not that we care a fig about our friend of the *Freeman* scolding us for this error; he is a man, and who cares for him? but that we have received sundry well-defined, well-expressed, cunning, and caustic remarks from fair friends, and who would not care for them? We beg pardon of them. Unadvisedly, ignorantly, we published the "Advice to Wives," and we promise never to offend again in like manner.

But here is a pretty, intelligent, resolute, and lovely creature, who says, "you must unsay what you have said, and do us justice." How? Just tell us, and we will do it. "Chalk out the path, and we will walk it." "I'll relieve you," says a sympathizing creature—"publish that," (throwing down a marked paper,) "and that will save you." We agreed—submissively, we promised to do it, without looking at it, in part or whole. And so, reader, prepare for a full justification of wives, and a regular setting down of husbands! There is no help for it, so far as we are concerned. Poor man, you may escape, if you please, by stopping here; but our advice to you is, go on.

Well, what is writ in that paper, is headed a "Sketch for Husbands," by T. S. ARTHUR. Of course, first is a *morning* scene; place, the bed-room. Mrs. Lundy had been up half an hour, busy about various matters, when Mr. Lundy crept out of bed and commenced dressing himself.

"I wish you would get me some hot water, Aggy," he said to his wife. "I must shave myself this morning!"

Mrs. Lundy was busily engaged in dressing a little resisting urchin.

"Yes, dear," she replied, "in a moment;" and kept on with her work, intending to finish dressing the child before she went down stairs for the hot water.

Mr. Lundy waited about a minute, and then said a little impatiently,

"I wish you would get it for me now, Agnes. I can't finish dressing myself until I shave."

Mrs. Lundy ceased her work, put down the child and got the hot water. Mr. Lundy began shaving. When half through, he directs his wife to tell Bill to clean the old boots, as his new ones hurt him; completing his toilet, he goes down to the reading room, and reads his paper. Eight o'clock, the breakfast hour arrives, and Mr. Lundy is a punctual man; but Mrs. Lundy has five children and herself, to get ready. The baby cries; Will breaks his shoe-string; Mary wants a pin; and in quieting the first, and helping the others, the minutes fly! All this done, Mrs. Lundy proceeds to arrange herself, when up comes Mr. Lundy, with

"Good heavens, Agnes! Ain't you dressed yet?" exclaims her husband, coming to her chamber door, with his watch in his hand. "It's ten minutes past eight, now. I've been ready and waiting for more than half an hour."

"I'll be along in a minute. I've only got my hair to put up, and a dress to slip on," replied Mrs. Lundy.

"A minute. Yes, I know what your minutes are. I'm sure you've been up long enough to have dressed for breakfast a dozen times over."

"You forget that I had all the children to get ready," replied Mrs. Lundy.

Silenced, but not convinced, the husband goes grumbling down stairs, and recommences walking the floor, but with a heavier and more rapid tread.

"Go up and see if your mother is n't most ready. I'm in a great hurry this morning," Mr. Lundy says to one of the children, after the lapse of two minutes, which seem to the impatient man at least five.

"I'm coming," he hears, on the stairs, from his wife.

"I'm glad of it," he rather gruffly responds, "I knew your minute would n't be much less than half an hour.—I wish you would try to be more punctual; this ever being behind time annoys me terribly."

There are some meek words said about the time it takes to dress and see after so many children; but they make no impression whatever upon the mind of Mr. Lundy. They are uttered as a kind of excuse, and he regards them as of no more account.

The breakfast! The sausages are done to death—the coffee is mere dish water—Mrs. Lundy is bid to look after Sarah, the cook—she pleads her hard work—and then Bill brings in the new boots. Mr. Lundy scolds away. But at last the children get off to school, and the good man proposes to start out.—Just at this moment, he looks at his wife, and says:

"Are you not well, Agnes?" Mr. Lundy asks.

"No," she replies, "I've been suffering with a dreadful toothache all the morning, and I feel as if every nerve in my head were alive."

"Why don't you have that tooth out? I would not suffer as you do, if I had to have every tooth in my head extracted."

Mrs. Lundy turns away with a feeling of discouragement. She is heavily burdened, and has no true sympathy.

Mr. Lundy walks towards his store; health in every vein, and vigour in every muscle; and his wife goes wearily up to her chamber, half mad with pain, and every nerve excited and quivering.

Mr. Lundy chats with customers, sells goods, pays bills, and does a good morning's business, and is ready, with good appetite, for his dinner. Mrs. Lundy has to go to market, and returns home worn and exhausted. Then at twelve run in Maggy, Willie, and Mary, hungry as they can be. The poor woman does all she can. Well, at half-past one, in stalks Mr. Lundy—Sarah, the cook, was behind hand. She let the fire go down—and dinner was not ready at the regular time—Mrs. Lundy was in her chamber, suffering from pain:

"Is it possible! Too bad! Too bad!" She heard him say as he paused, on his way up stairs, at the dining-room door, and saw that even the table was not set. "I wonder what good it is for a man to have a house of his own, if he can't have things as he pleases."

"I declare, Agnes! I'm out of all patience," he said, entering her chamber a few moments afterwards. "I told you when I went away this morning, that I wished dinner at the hour, and there is n't even the sign of its being ready. It really looks as if it were done on purpose."

"If I had the cooking to do, you should never wait a minute. But I can't always make servants do as I please," replied Mrs. Lundy.

"That's all nonsense. I do n't believe a word of it. I wonder how I'd get along in my business if I were to let my clerks do as they liked. I have a certain order in my business, and every subordinate has his duties, and knows that they must be done. Reduce all your household matters to a like order, and keep every one strictly to her duty, and you'll have things right, but not without."

"If you had ignorant, careless, self-willed Irish girls, to deal with, instead of intelligent clerks, you might find it was difficult, as I do, to have all things in order."

"Send them away if they do n't do as you wish. I'd never keep a girl in the house an hour, if she did n't do everything as I directed."

"You do n't know anything about it, Mr. Lundy. It is easy to say, send off your cook, if she is ten or twenty minutes late with a meal, or serves it up badly, or does any other thing that is disorderly or objectionable. But it is worse to have no cook than a bad one; and as to good ones, they are hard to be found."

Mr. Lundy met this with one of his sweeping specimens of argumentation, and completely silenced his wife.

"But," said he, impatiently, "I can't wait your cook's movements. My business has to be attended to."

And away he flounced from the house. In ten minutes the bell rang.

"Tell Sarah that Mr. Lundy could n't wait, and that I do n't want any dinner," said Mrs. Lundy, to the waiter.

This is one day's history in Mrs. Lundy's life.—Need we wonder that she suffered? Need we be startled when told that her husband was killing her by inches? Adds the author:

"But no one suspected this; not even Mr. Lundy himself. The idea that he was murdering his wife by a slow and cruel death, would have shocked him; and he would have felt the intimation of such a thing as an unpardonable outrage. And yet such was really the fact. He was murdering her.

"Year after year her duties and her toil increased. The history of a day that we have given, was an epitomized history of her life. Mr. Lundy, wrapped up in his schemes of gain, and rigid in his notion of order, punctuality, and formal proprieties, had no real sympathy for his wife, and was ever complaining of the little irregularities incident to his household, and ever adding to, instead of relieving the oppressive, wearying, and ever-recurring duties that were bearing her down. It was a common thing for him, robust, and in high health, to sit in his easy chair, with dressing gown and slippers, and ask his tired wife, who could scarcely move without feeling pain, to hand him this, that, or the other thing; to ring the bell for the servant, or even to go up to their chamber and bring him something from a drawer to which he was not willing that a domestic should go.

"Meeker, more patient; more loving in her character, grew Mrs. Lundy. By suffering she was purified. It made the heart ache to see her moving by the side of her erect, florid, elastic-treading husband, more like a pale, shadowy form, than a real substance; and to feel assured that in a very little while, the places that knew her, and the children and friends who loved her, would know her and love her no more.

"At last she died, and six little ones were left without the affectionate care of a mother. If her husband, who wept so bitterly at her too early grave, did not murder her, we know not the meaning of the word murder. When it was too late, he could remember her long suffering, her patience, her wrongs, received at his hands; but while she lived, he was too selfish to appreciate, or properly care for her.

"Everywhere, in books of domestic economy, in tales, essays, newspaper paragraphs, and in current conversation do we hear iterated and reiterated the lesson of a woman's duties to her husband and in her household. She must have everything in order, and study the art of pleasing her lord as sedulously as if he were the most captious, exacting tyrant in the world. And, verily, in his small way, he is too often a miserable tyrant. A woman is expected to be perfect in everything, and to do everything. No allowance is made for the ill-health consequent upon her maternal duties, nor for the peculiar, wearying, and all-engrossing nature of the cares attendant thereon. But who writes and talks of the husband's duties? Who teaches him lessons of forbearance, patience, and kind consideration of his overtasked wife? Little is said on this score; the world goes on; and hundreds, like Mrs. Lundy, go down to the grave, years before their time, and no one dreams that their husbands are accessaries to their death.—But, it is even so. Not in maternal duties alone lies the cause of the wife's pale face and drooping form—but the over-tasks of her peculiar position.—She is worked too hard—harder than a slave in the cotton field. Too often, she is nurse and seamstress for half a dozen children, and superintendent of her household besides. She will bend over her needle, night after night, in pain, or suffering from lassitude, while her husband sits enjoying his volume by her side, not dreaming that it is his duty, in order to save his wife from toil beyond her strength, to prolong his labours, if that be necessary, in order to afford her the assistance required in meeting the thousand wants of her children and household. If there are any extra tasks to perform—any extra exertions to make, the husband is the one who should perform or make them, not the wife, for he has superior strength.

"We hear a great deal about the husband coming home, wearied, from his store, his counting-room, his office, or his workship, and the wife is repeatedly enjoined to regard him on this account, and to provide comfort, quietude, and repose for him at home. This is all well enough, and she should do so as far as lies in her power. But we doubt if as many men come home overwearied with toil to their wives, as come home to wives who are themselves overwearied.

"Husbands! If you love your wives, think of these things. Don't say that the story suits Mr. So-and-so admirably. Look narrowly into your own sayings and doings at home, and see if it does n't suit you in more than one particular."

From the Literary Gazette.

THE HÆMATINON OF THE ANCIENTS, which has for ages excited the admiration of the world, and perplexed the experiments of men of science, has just been discovered by Dr. Max. Pettenkofer, the celebrated chemist of Munich. At a recent meeting of the Royal Academy of Sciences, the learned Doctor stated the progress of his discovery, and laid before the society several specimens of the Hæmatinon made by himself, and which could not be distinguished from the antique. It is the same that is spoken of by Pliny, in chap. 26, B. 36, of his Natural History, and which he describes as a glassy substance, highly prized by the ancients. Manifold have been the endeavours to imitate this splendid substance, which is found in Pompeii, in Mosaic pavements, in the mural decorations, and in unformed houses. The fracture is perfectly conchoidal, on which account Pliny compares it to Obsidium; (*in tinctura genera obsidianum;*) it is harder than glass, which it readily cuts, and therefore takes a very high polish; the colour is a very splendid vermillion. When melted it becomes a blackish green, and nothing restores the original magnificent red. An analysis, however accurate, gives no clue whatever as to the principle of its composition, and increases our astonishment at the works of Lampadius and others. In Italy many endeavours have been made to imitate it, and in some of the Mosaic fabrics, a beautiful Porporino has been made, shaded with gold, and which, though excessively expensive, cannot compare with the Hæmatinon. Dr. Pettenkofer's success at last, is applicable not only to the red Hæmatinon, but to the purple, green, &c.; the effect of which is so magnificent, shedding a lustrous light, which seems to issue from beneath the surface of the colour. The King of Bavaria has taken much interest in the progress of the experiments, and ordered the immediate application of the brilliant substance upon a public monument which is to be executed. It can be employed in manifold ways, in mosaic floors, mosaic paintings, mural decorations, trays, vases, ladies' ornaments, &c. &c. &c.

THE BIGOT.—The darkest of all scorners is the bigot; for, with a presumption in the measure of his contempt, he calls men common and unclean when they believe otherwise than he believes, and when he takes to himself the seal of salvation, marks them with the brand of perdition. I do not call a man a bigot who merely supposes another lost in his error, for this may be a conviction which he cannot resist. He may be a man of tenderness and mercy—he may hold his opinion with fear and trembling, and look upon his brother, whom he regards in the path of ruin, with exceeding sorrow and compassion. But the bigot is not thus. Proud in his assumed humility, elated in his vociferated deprecation, secure in his fancied election, confident as the favourite of grace, his faith becomes actual in a spiritual intolerance and a practical exclusiveness. He is the one who says most emphatically to his brother: "Thou fool! thou impious! thou wretch!"—*Rev. Henry Giles.*

OBEDIENCE OF THE DOG.—*Singular Case.*—Much has been written about the dog's fidelity, his courage, his patience, and his many admirable qualities, which rank above instinct. Here is an instance of his obedience. A short time ago, Mr. Joseph Parsloe, of Coleshill, near Amersham, Bucks county, took his dog into a field where some sheep were grazing.—The animal is a Shepherd's dog, and one of more than ordinary tractability and intelligence. Mr. Parsloe remembers having pointed to a corner of the field, saying to the dog, "Lie there till I come back." He afterwards forgot having issued such an order. That night and the following morning nothing was heard of the dog. On the following day it was reported to Mr. Parsloe that the missing animal was in a distant field, out of which he could not be coaxed or driven. It immediately occurred to the master that he had given the beforementioned command to his obedient companion and servant. Mounting his nag, he hastened to the spot, and there, sure enough, was the dog, who at once saw a prospect of release, and by his caresses showed how delighted he was to escape from duty, jogging home blithely and happily, after fasting more than twenty-four hours.—There is no telling how long he would have remained at his appointed post, but for his timely rescue.

F. R. Monitor.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

OLD HEADS ON NEW SHOULDERS.—The late Revolution in France has not only turned the heads of the Parisian populace, but it has turned the heads of some eminent men at home in a very extraordinary manner. Lord Brougham's head is turned into that of M. Arago; Lord John's head is doing duty for M. Emile de Girardin; the Duke of Wellington, with the nose slightly abridged, is published as Marshal Bugeaud, and all the old likenesses of Prince Leopold are coming up as Nemourses, Montpensiers, and others, in large abundance. The fact is, that the enterprising proprietors of some of our illustrated papers have got a large collection of good, intellectual-looking heads of English growth; and, as there is not much use for these heads at home at the present moment, they are brought out from the box of woodcuts, and placed upon the shoulders of those French politicians whose names are just now in the mouth of every one.

In some few cases an attempt has been made to give an air of novelty to an old portrait, in fitting it to the new subject, but in other instances there is no attempt at disguise; and we have actually seen an ancient woodcut of Horace Vernet, figuring as M. de Lamartine, without even the shaving off of the moustachios, an operation which, strangely enough, would have prevented the imposition from being quite so barefaced as it is at present.—*Punch.*

AN ODD COINCIDENCE.

Charles and Phil went up the hill,
In France, across the water,
Charles fell down, and broke his crown,
And Phil came tumbling after.

Punch.

SUGGESTIVE TITLES.—We see amongst the list of books published, the two following, which almost look as if they had been pointed purposely at recent events:

"*The French without a Master,*" and
"*Where to Stop.*"

The latter might be dedicated most happily to Monsieur Ledru-Rollin, for certainly if he is allowed to go on at his present mad rate, quite reckless of all rules, there will be no telling what will be the end of him, or France either. We recommend that his sentence be, "to be wound up with a full stop instantly." Such a noisy organ as he is would be all the better for a good long stop.—*Punch.*

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.—The French have changed their sovereign, and all they have got for it as yet has been the suspension of cash payments. Never did a sovereign fetch so little on 'Change!—*Punch.*

REASONS FOR RETIREMENT.—Many reasons are assigned for the obstinate refusal of the Compte de Neuilly to appear in public. The probability is, that Louis Philippe keeps close until his whiskers are grown.—*Punch.*

LIVERY OF SEISIN.—When it was understood, a fortnight or so back, that Mons. Guizot had escaped from Paris in the diguise of a servant, there was not a flunkey in livery who arrived at any one of the English ports, who was not waited on by the landlord with peculiar respect, and who did not receive most cordial greetings from all tradesmen of the neighbourhood. We understand that several footmen, taking advantage of the mistake, availed themselves largely of loans placed at their service by the noodles in the provinces; and there is still an unprincipled scamp going about Margate in a magnificent suit of livery, borrowing money in all directions as the Ex-Premier of France, upon the strength of his velveteen smalls, and a tremendous *aigulette* made out of a bell-rope, pulled down from the coffee-room of the Sow and Sauce-boat, from which he decamped, quitting the family in whose service he was, for the prospect open to him in assuming the character of Guizot.—*Punch.*

NOT BAD FOR A MANAGER.—The Manager of a London Theatre calls the rows at Trafalgar Square got up in childish imitation of the Paris Revolution "The bad translation of a French piece.—*Punch.*

The *Démocartie Pacifique* says that Madame Adelaide, who was highly delighted with the "History of the Girondins," has in her will left Lamartine a painting by Titian.

We may ask how many of our colonies have been fully explored when we find the following in the *Trinidad Spectator*: "This island has within herself one of the purest elements of prosperity—a rich and an inexhaustible soil, *most of it* hitherto untrodden by the foot of man."

JOHN BRIGHT IN OFFICE.—A little trait, indicating the feeling of the honourable member for Manchester toward the religious body amongst whom he was reared and educated, and his stedfast attachment thereto, though perhaps but little known among the "Friends' Society," is no doubt very acceptable to them and well appreciated in the right quarter. In the meeting at Rochdale, of which he is a member, and when at home a regular and exemplary attender, it is a practice for a list of the junior male members to set in turns as "doorkeeper." The duties of this office are—to see to the proper seating, &c. of such strangers as come to meeting; the closing of the doors when all are supposed to be gathered; to sit next the doors to open them again at the meeting's close, and act as may be required for good order and comfort during the sitting. Mr. Bright, instead of being now, as many might have supposed, wishful to be excused his turn of office, takes the duty with alacrity and his wonted decision, on some occasions volunteering as substitute for an absent member. A week or two after being elected for Durham, as secretary to the meeting for business "he read himself in" as "doorkeeper" next turn.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH ENGLAND?—A Mr. Riley, in the *Nation*, Irish newspaper, gravely recommends the Irish to conquer England, and then, to get rid of the trouble of keeping her, advises that she should be divided into four parts—one to the Sultan, one to the Czar, one to America, and one to the Pope!

Two elephants and nine camels have been shipped from Liverpool to America. They are Van Amburgh's purchases, for the astonishment of the Yankees.

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